

Idyls of Lakeside

BY THE O'BYRNES

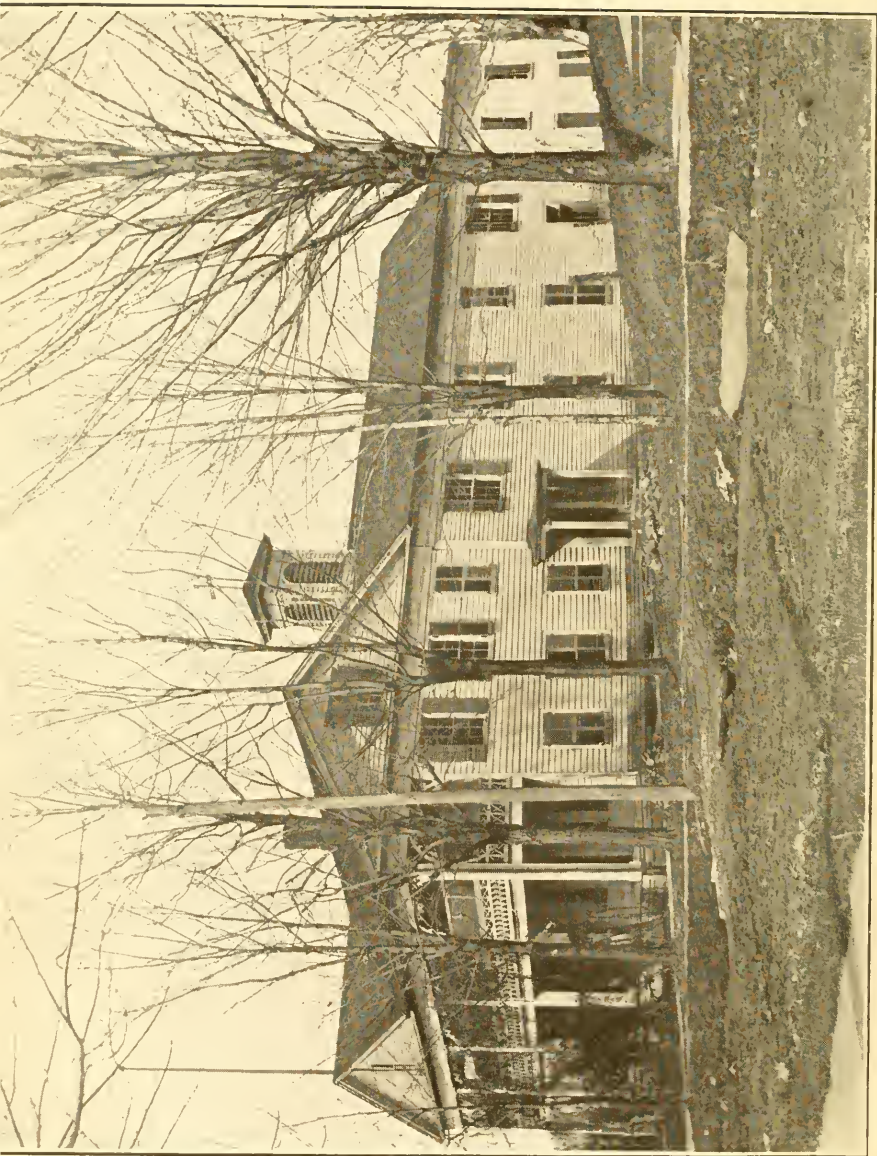


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LAUREL HILL ACADEMY, JUSQUEHANNA, PENNA.

To
THE KINDEST OF ALMA MATERS

LAUREL HILL
ACADEMY

SUSQUEHANNA
PENNSYLVANIA

This Little Volume is Affectionately Dedicated
On the Occasion of Her

GOLDEN JUBILEE

MCMX

By
Her Devoted Children
THE AUTHORS

100

IDYLS OF LAKESIDE

by

THE O'BYRNES, *revised.*

with a Preface by

Reverend Peter C. Winters, A. M.

“Betimes

The grandest songs depart

While the gentle, humble, and low-toned rhymes

Will echo from heart to heart.”

Published by

The Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart
of Mary

316 Wyoming Avenue
SCRANTON, PENNA.

THE SCRANTON TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.
PRINTERS

PS 548
.P4 03

PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROBATION OF
RT. REV. MICHAEL JOHN HOBAN, D. D.
BISHOP OF SCRANTON

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THE SISTERS, SERVANTS OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

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PREFACE



THE book entitled, "Idyls of Lakeside," is a collection of beautiful poems written by children of Christopher O'Byrne, of Friendsville, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

The volume will be greatly appreciated and enjoyed not only by the people among whom the authors lived and by whom they are beloved, but by numberless others who possess a taste for choice literature.

It is a pleasure and an honor to introduce and commend the work. A life-long admiration and friendship for the O'Byrne family make it a cherished privilege.

"The many loved spots which their infancy knew,"—the scenes of childhood,—were the inspiration and theme of a majority of the poems, and hence they are redolent of pastoral life and breathe a spirit of love and loyalty to birthplace and home, while the charm of variety is preserved by the graceful treatment of various other subjects.

The Catholic settlements of Susquehanna County were, perhaps, the first in the territory that constitutes the present Scranton Diocese, long antedating its separation

from the mother diocese of Philadelphia. Nearly a century ago sturdy exiles of Erin came and hewed their way through trackless forests and wrung an existence from the stubborn soil, the tillage of which now enables their descendants to live in comfort and independence.

By their incursion into the distant wilds, however, they were not bereft of the solace of religion. Pioneer priests ministered unto them, and the people responded by the erection of churches, and even a college and a convent at St. Joseph, whose founder was that splendid priest, the Very Reverend John Vincent O'Reilly, one of the vicars-general to the Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann. It is to be hoped that the life of Father John Vincent O'Reilly, this great apostle of Northeastern Pennsylvania and the southern tier counties of New York, will yet be written; for aught that relates to him, whose name is ever spoken with reverence and gratitude, will prove a valuable source of interest and edification.

The college, of which the brilliant Reverend Hugh Monohan was vice-president, was for years a successful institution and a source of the highest moral and intellectual uplift in the community. It is gratifying to note that the educational tone and aspiration engendered by the college and the convent influences of the past are still in evidence among the people of St. Joseph and vicinity where the best traditions have been kept alive and fostered by Reverend John J. Lally, who for more than thirty years has been its beloved pastor.

St. Joseph has also the distinction of being the original abode and novitiate of the Sisters-Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the diocese of Scranton,

now so ably presided over by the Right Reverend Michael John Hoban, D. D. This noble religious Order has become a strong factor in the progress of Christian education. Besides their extensive work in the educational line, these Sisters have charge of St. Joseph's Infant Asylum, Seminary Heights, Scranton, Pennsylvania, and of St. Patrick's Orphanage in the same city. The latter institution is under the protection of Reverend James B. Whelan, one of the many eminent humanitarians of whom Susquehanna County is proud.

A young man can no longer secure a collegiate training in this county, but within its confines the gentle Sisters impart the good old lessons in Laurel Hill Academy at Susquehanna, where a high standard of studies is maintained. This excellent institution is about to celebrate its Golden Jubilee, and it is to honor this occasion that the authors, whom it numbers among its graduates, dedicate this work to their Alma Mater as a tribute of grateful affection. The success of this Academy is greatly due to Very Reverend P. F. Brodrick, V. F., who for twenty-five years has guarded its welfare with zealous care. Indeed, the arduous and assiduous labors of its Founder, Father O'Reilly and his associates in the ministry, have been blessed by Providence and have proved fruitful and enduring.

The children of the Catholic immigrants of Susquehanna County have been represented in the service of the church by two members of the Episcopate, the late Right Reverend Jeremiah F. Shanahan, D. D., of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, an eloquent and scholarly prelate, and his surviving brother and successor, the zealous and

learned Right Reverend John W. Shanahan, D. D., as well as by a large number of priests and nuns. The descendants of the Irish pioneers have likewise shone in the political, educational and commercial world, and have adorned the professions of Law, Medicine, and the Fourth Estate. Next to safeguarding their religion, it was the high resolve of parents that their children should receive as good an education as possible. A few months of schooling in the winter were supplemented by extensive reading and reflection at home, and thus thoroughly grounded in the rudiments, the real foundation of culture, they were qualified to drink deeper of the "Pierian Spring."

The country districts have not remained unaffected by the turning of the tide of population away from the farm and toward the city street and factory gate, so much complained of nowadays; but there still remain on the old homesteads, established at so much labor and sacrifice, worthy sons and daughters of honest fathers and virtuous mothers. To a goodly number urban life has not been more attractive than the call of the open air and cultivated field. Fine dwellings and estates attest their industry and prosperity.

Prevailing conditions are in striking contrast to those that obtained in the olden days when isolation and inconvenience were not relieved by rural mail delivery, telephonic communication, and the advent of the automobile. In fact, the present generation find it difficult to understand the sacrifices and hardships encountered and overcome by their immediate forbears. But an inheritance of faith is theirs, and for this reason it will be found that the parishes of Susquehanna County are in a flourish-

ing condition and are administered by pastors of notable zeal and self-denial. At the present writing, nineteen hundred nine, these pastors are:

VERY REVEREND P. F. BRODRICK, V. F., Susquehanna.

REVEREND JOHN J. LALLY, St. Joseph's.

REVEREND RICHARD H. WALSH, Forest City.

REVEREND FRANCIS P. MACK, Great Bend.

REVEREND JAMES J. O'MALLEY, Little Meadows.

REVEREND ANTHONY T. BRODRICK, Montrose.

REVEREND MICHAEL J. KELLY, Auburn.

REVEREND JOHN P. DUNNE, Friendsville.

Friendsville, named in compliment to the Quakers, has had a church since 1831, which ranks as second oldest in the county, if not in the diocese. Reverend Francis O'Flynn built the first church in Silver Lake in 1819. St. Francis Xavier's at Friendsville was erected through the efforts of Edward F. White, at the time an influential Catholic of means, whose wife was the eldest sister of Gerald Griffin, poet, dramatist, and novelist. The building enlarged, improved and finally superseded in 1906 by the new church, may be regarded as an old shrine, for around its walls are the hallowed graves of the dead. Gerald Griffin's parents are buried there. The epitaphs carved in the marble tablets that mark their resting places relate that Patrick Griffin, the first Catholic settler in Susquehanna County, was born in Limerick, Ireland, and died, January 20, 1836, age 72 years, and that his wife, Ellen, born in the same city, May, 1776, died, October 14 1831. Beneath the church lie the remains of Rev.

William F. Jennings one of its assistant pastors, who died in 1846. The mother and brother of the authors of these poems also repose in

“The little graveyard green,
Near the dear old Church in Friendsville,
Where they were so often seen.”

The village itself is located upon a thoroughfare and has always been a center of much trade and activity.

A list of the priests who discharged the duties of pastor of the renowned parish includes the names of

VERY REVEREND JOHN VINCENT O'REILLY.

REVEREND HENRY FITZSIMMONS.

REVEREND JOHN LOUGHRAN.

REVEREND A. DUDLEY FILAN.

REVEREND SAMUEL S. MATTINGLY.

REVEREND THOMAS BREHONY.

REVEREND PATRICK J. MURPHY.

REVEREND FELIX MCGUCKIN.

REVEREND JOHN J. LALLY.

REVEREND JAMES J. FARRELL.

REVEREND B. V. DRISCOLL.

REVEREND JOHN P. DUNNE.

It would be interesting to continue the account of Friendsville, and the adjoining townships with Catholic inhabitants, were it not beyond the scope and purpose of this article, whose limits permit but a passing mention and preclude any adequate historical sketch. Such mention as has been made much suffice to call attention to the

Catholics who have ever proved themselves a worthy element of Susquehanna County's honored population, and to emphasize the accomplishments and achievements of the immigrants and their progeny, which have rarely been recorded. The Catholics have ever lived in peace and Christian harmony with their fellow-citizens of other denominations. Among the benefactors of the Irish the names of Dr. Robert H. Rose, of Silver Lake, and Caleb Carmalt, of Friendsville, stand foremost. These men dealt justly and generously with the immigrant, as William Penn had done with the Indian.

A perusal of the poems will reveal much unwritten history and bring into notice the hitherto unobserved beauties of many localities.

An injunction restrains from personal allusion to the writers, for whom the poems, however, will speak; but it will not transgress the proprieties to refer to the distinguished parents of the composers and to their happy home at Lakeside, an environ of Friendsville. Situated above the placid lake that adds beauty and romance to the scene, and sheltered by a hedge and orchard, it is an ideal spot where the occupants spend their leisure hours in the study of nature and of the best authors.

Christopher O'Byrne, almost a nonagenarian, is probably the oldest resident of the neighborhood. His estimable wife and helpmate, Mary (Welch) O'Byrne, whose companionship he enjoyed for nearly half a century, died recently, and this grievous loss he bore with Christian resignation. Hers was a fine example of fidelity to God and

love for family and home. May her memory ever be held in benediction. Mr. O'Byrne enjoys the esteem of the community, and is a splendid type of the country gentleman. He can speak most entertainingly of the development of the settlement during the long years of his residence. Keenly observant and an omnivorous reader, his views and sentiments received wide publicity and respect in the rural publications to which he was a frequent contributor.

To his work he gave head and heart, as well as hand. He is a strong advocate of the simple life in contact with the soil, but in no narrow sense would he limit any one in a choice of occupation. In this land of liberty and equal opportunity, let every one follow his preference, but he does plead that the noble calling of agriculture should retain its due proportion of the population. It is likewise instructive to converse with him on Ireland and its affairs about which he keeps well informed. As a youth he heard the immortal Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, speak, and was one of the first to take the pledge from Father Mathew.

To this good father, and to all friends of the authors, joy and pride will come when this book of poems issues from the press. It is believed and predicted that the circulation will exhaust the first edition, for aside from its intrinsic value appealing to all, the thousands of children of both public and conventual schools who have been pupils of the composers will desire a souvenir copy.

A perusal will not disappoint, but on the contrary, be an agreeable surprise, and this excellent work, it is fondly hoped, will be a promise and an earnest of still other efforts in the future.

PETER C. WINTERS.

Rector of St. Philomena's Church,
Hawley, Pennsylvania.

Thanksgiving Day,
Nineteen hundred nine.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF LAUREL HILL ACADEMY

1860—Susquehanna—1910

All thy charms, fair Susquehanna,
Are remembered fondly still,
And thy greatest charms are centered
In our own loved Laurel Hill.

Never was an Alma Mater
More deservedly revered,
For by many hallowed memories
Are her ancient walls endeared.

Grateful souls now sound her praises,
Who were nourished here in youth
With the milk of Christian kindness,
And the bread of Christian truth.

Old Saint Joseph's first apostle,
Fifty golden years ago,
Opened this fair home of learning,
From which countless blessings flow.

With God's glory for his watch-word,
This great soldier of the Lord,
Labored constantly, and looked for
No material reward.

Even now his benediction
Rests upon old Laurel Hill,
For we doubt not that his spirit
Is her faithful guardian still.

Well does she deserve his blessing,
She who drew so many souls
Nearer the eternal kingdom
That the Lord of Love controls.

And another name forever
Shall be linked with Laurel Hill,
'Tis the name of one most zealous
To promote her welfare still.

'Tis a name that each alumnus
Deeply honors and reveres,
For he guarded well our interests
Five and twenty fruitful years.

And the ever faithful Sisters,
Sacrificing all to serve
In the school of our true Master,
They, our gratitude deserve.

In the joy of this fair festal,
Every Sister has a part,—
Every Sister consecrated
To the love of Mary's heart:

For our dear old Alma Mater,
In the seasons fleeting fast,
Carved a grand and glowing record
That has never been surpassed.

Mother of sweet inspiration!
Numerous have been the calls
To the priesthood and the cloister,
Heard within her sacred walls.

Laurel Hill, thy sons and daughters
Are the grand undoubted proof
That ideals, high and holy,
Have been fostered 'neath thy roof.

Laurel Hill, thy sons and daughters
Form a crown exceeding rare,—
One that any Alma Mater
Might be justly proud to wear.

Blessings on thee, Alma Mater!
Blessings on thy Jubilee!
May the halo that surrounds thee
Shine in heaven eternally!

“OUT HOME”

There is nothing half so lovely
Under heaven's starry dome,
There is nothing more enchanting
Than the Carmalt Lake “out home.”
Fair it is at early dawning,
Fair in sunset's golden light,
But oh! fairest in the luster
Of a moon-lit harvest night;
Then, to me, 'tis more like Heaven
Than all else the world contains,
And my thoughts must e'er be holy
While its memory remains.

And the hills that girt Lake Carmalt,
Rising gently east and west,
Ay, and just as gently northward,—
Are the fairest and the best;
Grass has never yet been greener,
Nor were Marguerites more white
Than were those that used to glisten
In the early morning light,
On those hillsides of old Choconut,
Over which I long to roam,
As I did in days of childhood
In the balmy air “out home.”

You who love the fragrant woodland,
Or the cool and shady grove,
O, believe me, you can never
Through a fairer forest rove,
Than the happy home of songsters
Through which crystal waters flow,
And where vine and fern and flower
In the silvery mosses grow.
There are berries red as rubies,
There is dog-wood white as foam,
There is ivy green as emerald,
In the hemlock woods "out home."

Can surroundings make a people
Good or evil, false or just?
Can fair scenes make souls more holy,
More deserving of our trust?
Then, if so, I thank old Choconut
For the blessings it extends,
For although I've met with many
Who have proved most loyal friends,
I shall never meet with any,
No, no matter where I roam,
Who can fill my heart completely
Like the dear old folks "out home."

OLD ST. JOSEPH'S

Where the Choconut waters wander
 'Round a proud and stately hill,
In the vale of old Saint Joseph's,
 My affections linger still;
And of all the recollections
 Of my childhood's rosy days
On none other does my memory
 With such lingering fondness gaze,
As upon the scenes enacted
 In that lovely little dell
Where the dead I love are sleeping
 And the friends I love still dwell.

Two score years and ten have vanished
 Since the silvery convent chimes
There re-echoed with a sweetness
 Seldom heard in other climes.
I could dream sweet dreams forever
 Of those days so long ago
When the blue-robed Sisters coming
 From their home in far Monroe,
Hid themselves in that quaint valley,
 There through peaceful, prayerful days
To defend the cause of Jesus,
 And proclaim His Mother's praise.

Not a trace of that old convent
Does the little vale contain,
But the spirit of devotion
And of holy peace remain;
And my soul seems close to heaven
In that atmosphere of prayer,
For I know that saints have worshipped
At the sacred altar there.
He, the "pioneer apostle,"
Loved by men of every creed,
There drew sinners to repentance
By his every word and deed.

He whose name today is honored
By the scions of a race
That it was his joy to nurture
In the ways of truth and grace;
Oft he walked with Blessed Neumann
By those loved and lonely streams,
There receiving inspirations
For his high and holy themes.
So it is, among the pictures
That the hand of Memory paints,
Queen of all is old Saint Joseph's,
Shrine of beauty and of saints.

THE VISIT OF THE KING

To a certain little hamlet,
On a certain day in spring,
Came this message to the faithful:
“Come ye out and meet the King!”

At his coming, joy ran riot,
As if stirred by magie spell;
For this was a kindly monarch,
And his people loved him well.

On the village green he halted,
Made a rustie bench his throne;
’Twas an honor far the greatest
That the hamlet yet had known.

All day long he tarried with them,
Less’ning sorrow and distress;
At his just and wise tribunal
Ev’ry grievancee found redress.

Eagerly they crowded ’round him,
Seeking favors, great and small;
And the noble monarch granted,
Smilingly, his gifts to all.

In that happy throng there mingled
One whose eager, hazel eyes
Followed all the monarch's movements
In a trance of pleased surprise.

Graciously the King turned toward him,
As the timid boy drew near,
And in kindly accents asked him:
"What, my child, has brought you here?"

"There is naught I want, good Sire,
Only just to stay awhile;
For I like to hear you talking,
And I like to see you smile."

"You shall have," the King said slowly,
"What I love best to impart,—
You shall have my lifelong friendship,
And a place here in my heart."

Ah! this gift was prized far dearer
Than all else the world contained;
Thus the boy who sought no favor,
More than all the others gained.

Little one, this tale reminds us
That the noblest, kindest King
Comes to visit us each morning,—
Comes the rarest gifts to bring.

With a tender love, far deeper
Than the world has ever known,
Does this Monarch greet His subjects
From his humble altar throne.

And 'tis e'er His kingly pleasure
Every sorrow to relieve;
All who come to claim His favors,
Precious graces shall receive.

But on those who seek his presence,
"Just to stay a little while,"
Not to crave some selfish interest,
Jesus turns His sweetest smile.

Those who seek no greater pleasure
Save to be with Him, shall find
In the Sacred Heart He gives them
Every other good combined.

SILVER LAKE

I can hear a robin singing—
He is hiding in the leaves,
In the maples or the lilacs,
Crowded up against the eaves.
If he knew how much I love him,
He would show himself, I know,
For I heard the song he's singing
Over twenty years ago.
Every time I hear that anthem
Tender memories awake,
For the robins always sing it
In the groves at Silver Lake.

O, the June days then were sunny
And they never were too long;
I could linger there forever,
Listening to the robin's song.
When the orchards were in blossom
And the locust trees were white,
When the air was pure and balmy,
And my heart was young and light,
Then I drifted o'er the waters,
Or I wandered through the brake,
And I knew full well the value
Of a day at Silver Lake.

O, the fields of crimson clover,
And the green maize on the hill,
And the pastures starred with cowslips,
And the old woods, cool and still!
But the bosky banks that border
Silver Lake are fairer far—
How I wish that I could show you
Where its water lilies are!
How I wish that you might listen
To the merry wavelets break,
In a cadence most entrancing,
On the shores of Silver Lake.

Has the robin made me homesick?
Nay, I bless him for that song.
Every separate note awakens
Mem'ries that have slumbered long;
Mem'ries of old friends, and friendships
That shall never know an end.
For I hope to meet in Heaven
Every fond and faithful friend.
And I pray with trust unswerving
That God's grace may ne'er forsake
Those I loved when life was lovely,
On the shore of Silver Lake.

IN MEMORIAM

The noon of his glorious manhood
Had scarcely been reached when death came,
And just when he seemed the most needed,
It entered its sorrowful claim.

Oh! never did death bring more sorrow,
Or sorrow more lasting than this!
For he whom we mourn was a father
Whom thousands of children will miss.

A pastor who lived for his people,
A guide, a protector, a friend,
Who ever was willing and ready
A generous hand to extend.

The poor and afflicted sought comfort
From him, and were never denied;
His heart knew no rest while another's
Had wants that could not be supplied.

A counselor, wise and far-seeing,
Whose wisdom seemed truly divine;
A judge who believed that sweet mercy
And justice should ever combine.

We grieve that the heart, once so Christlike,
Lies cold in the casket today;
That the brain, then so fertile and active
Is now but inanimate clay.

We grieve, and our grieving is selfish;
We sigh that his labors are o'er,
That we may command his attention
And hear his loved counsels no more.

But is he not still our protector,
Our advocate near the high throne?
Doubt not that so faithful a spirit
Will ever remember his own.

The church that he built proudly shelters
The tomb of her founder today;
His grief-stricken children there gather
Above his loved relics to pray.

His spirit shall sympathize ever
With them, though he reigns with the blessed,
And he will befriend and protect them
Till they from their labors shall rest.

THE VOICE OF THE HARP

Too long, too long on Tara's wall
The harp has hung forsaken!
Oh, take it down and once again
The soul of song awaken!
But do not strike a single chord
To make the fond heart lonely,
Let Erin's harp recall tonight
Her hopes and glories only.
Let it recall her triumphs won,
Whose luster lights the ages;
Her noble chiefs, her warriors brave,
And famous bards and sages.

Sing of her rugged mountain heights
With purple heather gleaming,
Of valleys green, where fragrant fern
And flowers are ever beaming.
Sing of her fair and famous wood,
By Freedom's spirit haunted,
That knew of old the silent march
Of gallowglass undaunted.
Recount the beauties of her lochs
That claim the minstrels' praises,
And silver streams whereon the eye
In loving rapture gazes.

Intone sweet hymns of chapels blest,
Of shrines and healing waters,
That are today the proudest boast
Of Erin's sons and daughters.
These scions of a loyal race,
The Faith have fondly cherished
Through persecutions wherein all
Their worldly treasures perished.
But, oh, sing not of Erin's wrongs,—
It is too sad a story!
The harp must breathe of naught tonight
Save Erin's endless glory.

From every clime beneath the sun
Where Irish hearts are beating,
There goes today across the seas,
A warm and joyous greeting,—
A greeting to the land of song,
The land of wit and learning,
The land to which, by slow degrees,
Fair Freedom is returning.
Let all who love the Gaelic cause,
Whatever creed professing,
In prayerful song implore with us
For Erin God's best blessing.

THE GREEN-MEADOW FARM

Sweet Chenango, thy hills and thy valleys and rills
Are fairest of any I know,
But thy one greatest charm is the Green-meadow Farm,
The home that I left long ago.
It is years since I strayed through its lone Fairy Glade.
And pasture of beautiful green;
It is years since I stood by the old maple wood
And gazed on that dearly loved scene.

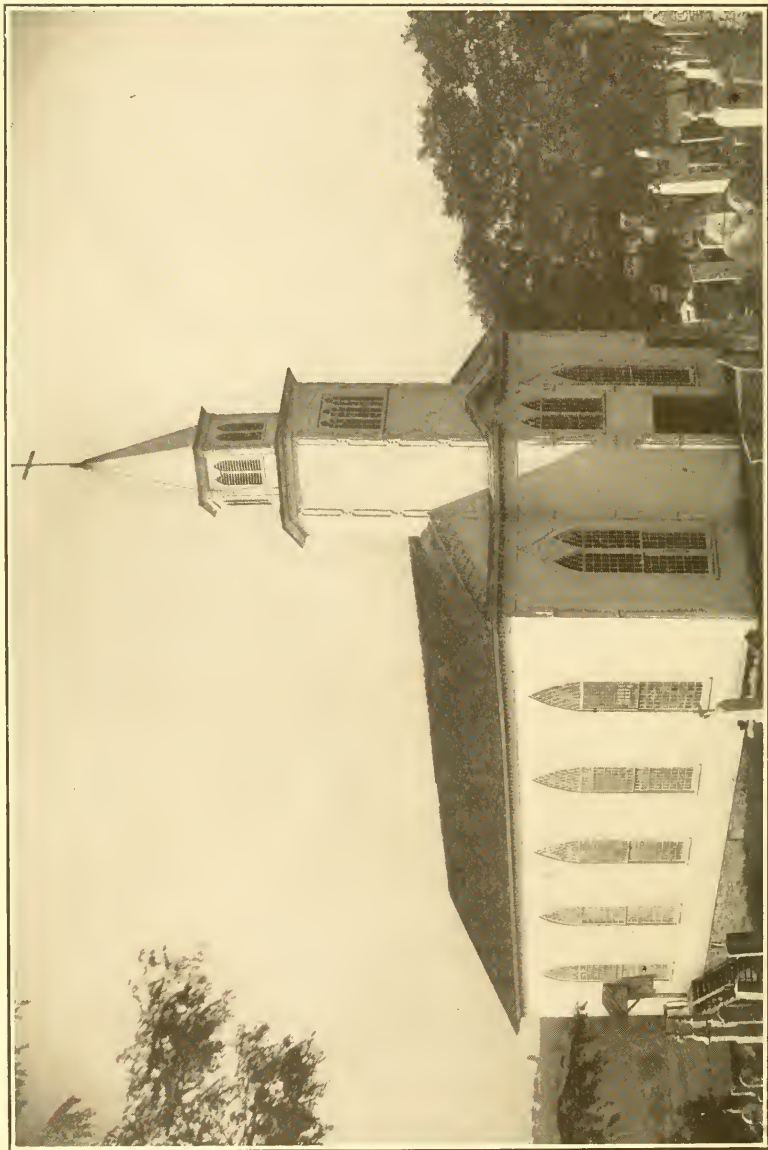
I can see it tonight in the mellow twilight,
As I saw it that June day of yore,
When I bade it good-bye, with a tear-bedimmed eye,—
The dear home that was mine nevermore.
The old dwelling house, gray, was so grand in its day
That it seemed like a mansion to me;
All the flowers are gone that then bloomed on the lawn,
As is also my favorite old tree.

But I see the wide lane, and the broad Cowslip Plain;
And the stream in the valley below,
Slowly wanders at will 'round the green Corbin Hill
As it did in the days long ago.
Not a trace doth remain of the barn on the plain
Where the swallow sought shelter from harm;
But the orchard stands still 'neath the brow of the hill—
Once the pride of the Green-meadow Farm.

By this moss-covered sill of the old wooden mill,
I gathered the violets blue;
Here the bobolink sang till the whole valley rang
With music the long summer through.
Oh! I loved so to stray through the woodland away
With my childhood friends, trusted and true;
Oft for hours we would rove through the Blackberry
Grove,
Away down where the dandelion grew.

But if e'er 'twas our fate to be coming home late,
We would hasten along in alarm,
Lest we'd meet with the sprite, that they told us each
night
Kept a guard o'er the Green-meadow Farm.
It was well my heart knew where the winter-green grew,
And the maiden-hair fern in the dell;
The fringed gentian so blue and the red balsam, too,
And the sweet-briar down by the well.

Still the lilacs stand here and the elm tree is near,
But I miss many landmarks of yore;
They have fallen away like the friends of that day,
Who will greet me on earth nevermore.
Yes, Chenango, thy hills and thy valleys and rills
Are fairest of any I know;
But thy one greatest charm is the Green-meadow Farm,
The home that I left long ago.



THE OLD FRIENDSVILLE CHURCH, ERECTED IN 1831



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK

THE OLD FRIENDSVILLE CHURCH

I have prayed in many temples
That were pleasant to behold,
Grand in outline, grand in color,
Rich in precious stones and gold;
But I knew another temple
That to me was fairer far,
In the dear old town of Friendsville
Where the fond and faithful are.

Plain it was and unpretentious,
Yet it wore a certain grace
That made even unbelievers
Feel it was a sacred place.
Saintly souls who often gathered
Round the lowly altar there,
Found the dear old church in Friendsville
An ideal place of prayer.

How I loved that little altar,
Decked with woodland flowers and fern—
There were offered to the Savior
Gifts that He will never spurn:
Guileless hearts, all warm and trusting,
Were presented at His throne,
In the dear old church in Friendsville,
Where God came to meet His own.

When in dreams I see fair angels,
Or on saintly faces gaze,
They are always like the pictures
That I loved in childhood days.
Still I fancy God's dear Mother
Like the little statue fair,
In the dear old church in Friendsville,
Where I often knelt in prayer.

But that statue rests no longer
On the altar low and white;
There no more is seen the glimmer
Of the sanctuary light:
They have built a grander temple
With a higher altar throne,
And the dear old church in Friendsville
Now stands desolate and lone.

Still it stands in that old graveyard,
Where the sacred dust is laid
Of the faithful hearts that often
For the souls of others prayed.
And there Gerald Griffin's parents
Rest beneath a hawthorn tree,
Near the dear old church in Friendsville—
Dear to mine and dear to me.

Oft I lingered 'neath that hawthorn
In the sunny days of yore,
But the friends who lingered with me,
I shall meet on earth no more;
For their graves lie close together
In the little graveyard green,
By the dear old church in Friendsville,
Where they were so often seen.

May their faith firm and unchanging
Still continue to live on!
May it flourish when each vestige
Of the lonely church is gone!
May the light of Truths expounded
By God's ministers divine,
In the dear old church in Friendsville,
With undying splendor shine.

THE MONSTRANCE

She brought to the altar one morning,
A beautiful monstrance of gold,
Requesting it might be accepted,
The Treasure of Christians to hold.
In wonder I gazed on her offering,
It seemed so transcendently bright;
And counted the circle of jewels
That flashed like a rainbow of light.

I looked through the transparent crystal,
Soon destined a God to enclose,
And thought how the Author of Beauty,
With pleasure therein would repose.
That night, at the grand Benediction,
A sunburst of splendor it seemed;
Surrounded by lights and by flowers,
The jewels in brilliancy gleamed.

I thought of the glory of Jesus,
Concealed in the white Host so near,
And, like the Apostle on Tabor,
Repeated, " 'Tis good to be here!"
But short are the moments on Tabor;
Too soon came the final, "Amen!"
Too soon in the closed tabernacle,
Sweet Jesus was resting again.

I knelt at the altar long after,
Still watching the monstrance; and thought
Its beauty, its splendor, its value,
No pleasure to Jesus have brought,
If she who has given this treasure,
Has failed with her gift to impart,
The jewel He prizes most dearly,
A humble and confident heart.

Ah! that is the gift He is seeking,
The monstrance that Jesus loves best;
It is in the heart of His creature
That He, the Creator, would rest.
Then guard well this monstrance, and keep it,
As pure as the purest of gold;
Enrich it with heavenly jewels,
The Savior loves best to behold;

And give it to Him undivided,
Nor dare for another, retain
The gift, without which every other
Is offered to Jesus in vain.
O, let us remember no offerings,
No matter how fair, can atone,
For wronging a God, by withholding
The heart that He made for His own.

A PRAYERFUL WISH

Inspired by love, thy children fond
To Mount Saint Mary's height,
Their joyous salutations send
This Silver Feast Day bright;
And brilliant as the sparkling crown
That rests upon thy brow
They pray the holy joy may be
That heaven sends thee now.

A joy that speaks of triumphs gained
'Mid trials, cares and fears,
Of loyal love that marks the toil
Of five and twenty years;
A joy that brings with it new strength,
For all is not yet done,
And there remains a brighter crown,
Dear Mother, to be won.

If our fond love and sympathy
This golden crown could win,
No care, nor strife should ever mark
The cycle to begin.
But, no, the work must still be thine,
The Master wills it so,
For love that suffers not, is love
The heart can never know.

May each succeeding year bring still
More holy joy to thee,
Until in Heaven thou'lt celebrate
An endless Jubilee.
Thy God-appointed task complete,
All care and toil shall cease,
And then, dear Spouse of Christ, thou'lt rest
Eternally in peace.

THE OLD NORTH BRANCH

The old North Branch goes wandering down
Among the hills in Middletown;
It flows through fields of yellow wheat,
Through barley, maize, and clover sweet;
Full well it knows each varied scene,—
The fallow land, the forest green,
Through trackless wilds at will it roams,
And winds its way past happy homes.
At times it sings a merry song,
But silently it moves along
Between the elms tall and green
That shade the home of my Kathleen.

For aeons past the old North Branch
Has wandered round the Coleman Ranche,
For aeons past have maidens fair
Gone gathering ferns and flowers there;
But none more winsome ever strayed
Beneath the graceful elms' shade,
None more sincere and none more sweet
Have lingered in that cool retreat.
What wonder that the waters flow
Apast her home so still and slow,
For never has the North Branch seen
Another girl like my Kathleen.

The old North Branch goes on its way,
No earthly power its course may stay;
O, would I were as free to roam,
As free to linger near her home!
'Tis long since I have seen her face
In that well loved, familiar place;
But well I know in pious prayer
My name is often mentioned there;
And if on earth we meet no more,
I trust when exile days are o'er
To meet again in God's demesne
My loyal-hearted girl, Kathleen.

THE LETTER FROM HOME

From "Castletown, Kilpatrick,"—
That is the right address;
And O, the hand that wrote it,
May God forever bless!

Joy-laden comes the missive
From one's own native land,
And with a joy that aliens
Alone can understand.

Some tidings of the old friends
I knew long years ago,
Or tidings of their children—
'Tis all the same, you know.

Yes, "Castletown, Kilpatrick,"—
I see it written there;
Thrice blessed shall be the writer,
If God but hears my prayer!

The very words awaken
Sweet memories of the past,
That shall be fondly cherished
As long as life may last.

And now again in fancy
I live the old life o'er,
And hear the blackbirds singing
At Fringenstown once more.

I see the hawthorn blossoms,
Adorn the shady lane
That leads to where the daisies
Spread o'er the hill and plain.

There, where the Meath Club gathered,—
I see it plainly still—
The Bengerstown Fox Cover,
Near Syddon on the hill.

Still thrills the recollection
Of scarlet coats and steeds,
Called hither by the Argus,
That trooped across the meads;

Full fifty fearless huntsmen,
Impatient for the chase,
The baying hounds to follow,
No matter what their pace.

To Mountaintown or Rathhood,
Or e'en to Whitewood fair,
With Reynard as a leader—
Such sport as that is rare.

Ah! Castletown, Kilpatrick!
I wonder has it changed,
Since I in days long distant,
Through field and forest ranged.

And have they changed,—the old friends?
Ah! no it cannot be;
Those hearts so true and noble,
Are still the same to me.

“God rest his soul!” is written
With almost every name;
And yet to me the old friends
Must ever be the same.

Then let me read my letter
From Castletown once more,—
And once more on the writer,
God’s blessing, I implore.

THE ORDINATION

At last the hope so long deferred
Is fully realized;
At last your eager soul receives
The gift it long has prized.
A gift that comes from sacred hands,
A mission all divine,
The right to stand for evermore
Beneath God's grand ensign.
The mission that so long ago
He gave His chosen few,
His cause, His honor, aye, Himself
He now entrusts to you.
Oh, thought sublime! a very God
To come at your command
And place Himself, the Source of Love,
In your anointed hand.

Ordained to represent the Lamb,
Who for our sins sufficed,
The angels look on you today
As on another Christ.
"According to the order of
Melchisedec, thou art
A priest forever," and a priest
According to God's Heart.

Forever! how the soul expands
To grasp the thought sublime!
To know the glory of this day
Cannot be dimmed by time.
Well is your constancy repaid;
Well may your friends rejoice,
And seek, as I do vainly now,
Their boundless joy to voice.

A paeon sung by angel bands
Might fittingly express
A fragment of this holy joy
That never shall grow less.
But oh! how sweet the strain would be
That might portray, in part,
The depth of joy that dwells today
In your fond mother's heart.
No words of mine can add to this,
This joy supreme, complete;
But I can kneel with grateful heart
Close to the Master's feet,
And pray, the grace received today
May year by year increase,
Until He calls you home to rest
With Him in love and peace.

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT MOTHER

The Christmas chimes are ringing
But every note sounds strange,
For oh! since last I heard them
My heart has known a change.
The mistletoe and holly
Are scattered all around,
And o'er our humble grotto
A glistening arch is bound;
Through misty eyes I'm gazing
Upon this Christmas cheer,
And all is bright and homelike—
But mother is not here.

I hear the merry greetings
And strains of sacred song,
I see the happy children
Around the manger throng;
They kiss the holy Infant
As I did when a child,
And look with love on Joseph
And Mary undefiled.
With them I find sweet comfort,
With them I, too, rejoice—
But in the Christmas anthem
I miss my mother's voice.

Most precious Child of Mary!
Dear little Prince of Peace!
O, may the cross you sent me
My confidence increase!
May sorrow draw me nearer
To You, dear Babe divine,
May You and Your sweet Mother
Think lovingly of mine.
Oh! comfort all the loved ones
Who miss her smile today;
Bless those for whom my mother
Was ever wont to pray.

From her I learned the story
Of Your most holy birth,
Of how You came from Heaven
To scatter joy on earth.
From her I learned to carry
My sorrows to Your feet,
And find that every trial
When blessed by You is sweet.
O, Jesus, son of Mary!
Be kind to her, I pray!
May she in Your bright Presence,
Enjoy this Christmas Day!

THE SAVINGS BANK

It was Christmas Eve and laughter
Seemed to fill the very air;
Merry jests and gladsome greetings
Were re-echoed everywhere.

Seated in the car before me
Was a merry brown-eyed boy,
Who was evidently trying
To produce a fund of joy.

His attention was directed
To a little maiden fair,
Whom I judged to be his sister,
For they both had auburn hair.

Sweet the stories that he told her
Of the Christ Child, kind and dear,
Who supplies the good Saint Nicholas
With his treasures every year.

Pleasingly each scene he pictured,
And unconscious of his power,
Held a dozen listeners' interest
For the best part of an hour.

Then we stopped at some small station,
There to tarry for a while,
And a poor old palsied woman
Tottered feebly up the aisle.

Quick our hero rose to greet her,
With a boyish smile most sweet;
Took her bundles and her crutches
And secured for her a seat.

After she had thanked and blessed him,
Gracefully he took his place,
Then the little girl turned to him
With a bright flush on her face,

And exclaimed: "I'm really thankful
And I know God must be glad
That you pitied poor old Aunty
For she looks so tired and sad."

Laughingly the boy responded,
"Girly, you're misjudging me;
For instead of pitying Aunty
I just envy her, you see.

"I have reasons to feel certain
That the dear old creature there,
With the crutches and the palsy,
Is a multi-millionaire;

While that lady 'way up yonder
In the furs and velvets decked,
With the diamonds in her ear-drops,
Is a bankrupt, I suspect."

"Please explain that statement, sonny,"
Said an old man sitting near;
And the boy complied politely
With the tale appended here:

"Well, I dare not tell this story
With my heroine so near,
If I did not know that Auntie
Is so deaf that she can't hear.

"First of all, I must remind you
That some people do not know
There's a savings-bank in Heaven,
But I knew it long ago.

"Uncle Benedict once told me
All about the way it works:
Jesus is the Heavenly Banker
And the angels are His clerks.

"Each soul has a special lawyer,
Known as guardian angel,—see?
Who attends to all his business,
But the angel asks no fee.

“For each little deed of mercy
In that bank a check they place,
Ev’ry check draws compound interest,
And this interest some call grace.

“Lucifer has pettifogers
Prowling ’round both day and night,
Claiming drafts of our good lawyers
When we wander from the right.

“Of these same old tricky rascals
I am mortally afraid,
For each draft they get their hands on,
From our credits must be paid.

“But enough of this digressing,
I just want to let you know
That this good old woman’s riches
Are not hoarded here below;

“Yet poor Aunty once had treasures
That the world sets value on,—
Husband, children, friends and money,—
But she lost them, every one.

“No one ever heard her murmur,
Though her husband and her son
Perished in the Union Army,
And her daughter died, a nun.

“Now, she is alone and lonely,
Widowed, childless, old and poor;
But she says God gives her graces
All these trials to endure.

“Yes, the Heavenly Banker called for
All the treasures she possessed,
And she gave them, freely, gladly;
For you see, she loved Him best.

“Now if you persist in doubting
That she is a millionaire,
Wait until we get to Heaven
And I’ll prove it for you there.

“I might tell you more about her,
If we did not get off here—
Wish you all a merry Christmas,
And a glorious New Year!”

Hardly had the story-teller
Left the car before there came
To its window a poor beggar
Asking alms in Heaven’s name.

Haggard, hollow-eyed, and desperate
Looked that young face through the glass;
It would seem that Christmas gladness
Was not meant for him, alas!

But the man at whose suggestion
Aunty's story had been told,
Raising up the window quickly,
Offered him a piece of gold;

And the poor youth hesitating,
Seemingly afraid to take
Such an offering, weakly faltered:
"Friend you're making a mistake."

"No," the donor answered softly,
"Had I more, I'd give it too:
Take it, boy, for my deposits
In the heavenly bank are few."

As he took the gift, the beggar
Raised his eyes and faltered: "Well,
I'm compelled to tell you, Christian,
You have saved a soul from hell.

"You can see that I am suffering—
May you never know such pain—
All day long I've begged this money
But alas! I begged in vain;

"Just enough to pay my car fare
To my home out on the hill,
Where a fond old mother knows not
That her wayward boy is ill.

“People told me there are public
Hospitals for such as I;
But I felt that I must see her
Once again before I die.

“So I hung around the station,
But I found no pity there;
And the heartless, cold refusals
Drove my weak soul to despair.

“Then the evil spirit whispered:
‘God has ceased to be your friend—
Throw yourself before the engine
And a life of sorrow end.’

“Long I struggled with the tempter,
And my strength was failing fast—
Oh! good friend, had you refused me
My last hope of Heaven was past.

“May the God whom I offended
Pardon me; and may He bless
You, and all who thus take pity
On the victims of distress!

“Gratitude will ever prompt me,
With sincerity, to pray
That your life may be a contrast
To the life I led this day.”

Here the old man interrupted:

“Under God, there’s none to thank,
Save the boy who told the story
Of the heavenly savings-bank.

“It has never been my custom
To encourage men like you;
If I had not heard his story,
I should have refused you too.

“Look, my friend, if you should see him,
He is standing over there;
See, the dark-eyed, little fellow
With the sunshine in his hair!”

But the whistle sounded loudly,
And the train bore us away;
So I know not if my hero
Learned the good he did that day.

You who have so kindly listened
To this story, I must thank—
And I trust you too have riches
In the Heavenly Savings-Bank.

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER MARY

The soul that lived for God alone,
At length, has heavenward fled,
And with blanched lips her children ask,
“Is Mother Mary dead?”

“Is Mother dead? And shall we gaze
On her dear face no more?
And are the meetings, that we loved
So well, forever o’er?”

“Is Mother dead? And is the low
And gentle voice that filled
Our youthful hearts with holy love,—
O, is that sweet voice stilled?”

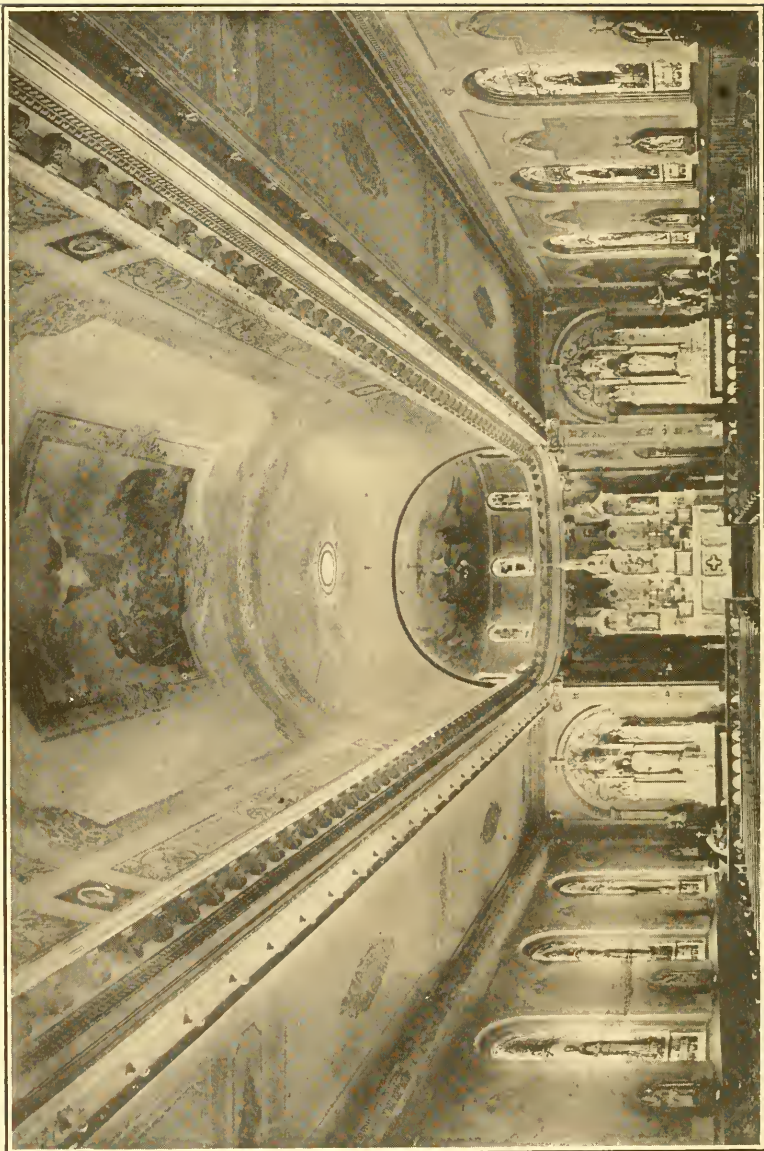
“With loving hearts, may we no more
Caress the generous hand,
That loved to scatter charities
Throughout the suffering land?”

“Oh, is the last sweet lesson taught,—
The last fond blessing said?
And must we ever miss that smile?
Is Mother really dead?”

Yes, she is dead, but Faith's fond eye
Shows us that sainted face
Reclining on the Sacred Heart,
Her "longed for resting place."

From His bright throne she smiles on us
And blesses us each day,
While, filled with love and gratitude,
At Jesus' Feet we pray.

And as we kneel in silence deep,
With Faith's unerring ear
We hear the same sweet voice repeat
Each lesson taught us here.



THE CHURCH OF ST. PHILOMENA, HAWLEY, PENNSYLVANIA



THE CHURCH OF ST. PHILOMENA, HAWLEY.

It was in Saint Philomena's
On a clear December day,
That I watched the amber sunlight
Through the stained-glass window stray;
Lighting up the costly paintings,
Copied from the masters old,
Glinting over soft green arches
Fretted here and there with gold.

I rejoiced to see such splendor
In the Savior's earthly home;
From the grassy tufted carpet
To the richly painted dome,
All was elegance and beauty,
And each glowing work of art
Preached its own effective sermon
To the least attentive heart.

Everywhere the pleased eye rested
Some new beauty was revealed,
Lifelike statues, sacred emblems
To both mind and heart appealed.
In the Pieta so lonely
Even children might discern
Iconography most holy
And the love of Mary learn.

Long I watched the grand main altar
Finished like a regal throne,
Where amid the Christmas twining
Gleams of gold and crystal shone.
In the brilliant lamp suspended
Near the tabernacle fair,
Burned the watchful light proclaiming
That the King of Kings was there.

He the great eternal Monarch
Of creation's vast domain,
Who had left the court of Heaven
From this earthly throne to reign!
He was there with all His glory
In a little Host concealed,
Nothing showing of His Kingship
Save what holy Faith revealed.

And it was not lights nor flowers,
Precious urns nor works of art,
But the all Divine attraction
Of His gentle Sacred Heart,
That drew faithful souls to worship
In Saint Philomena's fair,
And to linger fondly dreaming
Prayerful dreams of Heaven there.

THE NINE FIRST FRIDAYS

I.

The year with its triumphs and failures,
Its joys and its sorrows, waned fast,
And light hearts looked eagerly forward,
Nor sighed for the happy days past.

Brave men and fair maidens assembled
To witness the death of one year,
And welcome the dawn of another,
With joyous and hearty good cheer.

Our light-hearted Gene was the gayest
Among all the mirth-loving throng,
For he was a pleasure promoter,
And first in the dance and the song.

But ere the old year had departed,
There sounded a voice, low and clear.
"Tomorrow will be the First Friday—
The first of the month and the year."

A silence fell o'er the assembly
That seemed like a prelude to grace,
And surely the angels were anxious
Who witnessed the change in each face.

A gay round of holiday pleasures
Had caused our young friends to forget
The morrow would be the First Friday
Else they on this night had not met;

For these were young convent-bred people,
To duty and God ever true,
Our own St. Cecilia's loved children,
Who honor the white and the blue.

The lights, the gay friends and the music,
Ah! these were enticing,—but then—
“Tomorrow will be the First Friday!”
Each young heart re-echoed again.

Could they for a night's fleeting pleasure
The unbounded graces forego
That from the First Friday Communion,
In sweet prodigality flow?

No word of dissension was uttered,
When Gene in his own earnest way
Requested an early adjournment,
That they might “receive” the next day.

For he had most solemnly promised
His invalid school friend, poor Jim,
He would for nine months in succession
“Receive” each First Friday for him.

With holy approval the angels
Beheld their young charges depart,
That each might be ready and worthy
To welcome the dear Sacred Heart.

Gene hoped to confess on the New Year,
But he was detained till, alas!
On entering the church he discovered
The priest was commencing the Mass.

And all through the beautiful service
His one great distraction was this:
Must he after all his endeavors,
His First Friday offering miss?

Religion with Gene was like business;
He spared no exertion to gain
The slightest advancement in either,
And seldom his efforts were vain.

He waited till all had departed,
And then in the sacristy sought
The priest who that day to so many
The joys of Communion had brought.

Most gladly he heard Gene's confession,
And gave the true Manna to him;
Then left him adoring his Savior,
And earnestly pleading for Jim.

Another First Friday passed over,
But ere the next dawned came the call
That Jim for so long had expected—
A call that must come to us all.

God grant that we all be as worthy
To meet our Redeemer as Jim!
God grant that our friends be as loyal
To us, as our hero to him!

II.

The midsummer days found Gene resting
Afar where the feverish heat
And weary turmoil of the city
Disturbed not his quiet retreat.

Once more he forgot the First Friday—
And it was the last of the nine,—
Forgot until late Thursday evening,
And he many miles from a shrine.

Deserting his friends, the next morning
He turned toward the city once more,
But found when he reached the Cathedral
The most Holy Sacrifice o'er.

The bishop, the priests and the deacons
Who thronged in the sacristy, showed
The power of priesthood that morning
On several young men was bestowed.

The people still filled the Cathedral,
And priests with the people remained,
That they might receive the "First Blessing"
Of those who that day were ordained.

Gene sought out a faithful apostle
Who ever had been his true friend,
Who ever was ready and willing
His strong, earnest faith to commend.

He pleaded his cause, and they entered
The Convent just over the way,—
The Convent where Gene in his childhood
Spent many a long, happy day.

'Twas there in an old-fashioned class-room
He first met his then boyish friend,
And long St. Cecilia's had fostered
That friendship which death could not end.

Unquestioned the priest and our hero
Passed on to the Chapel so fair;
The First Friday Holy Communion
Was offered unselfishly there;

The sweet Sacred Heart and Its merits.
All this he was giving for Jim—
Was giving to God in atonement
For aught that was wanting to him.

O, Sisters, who toil in the class-room
On this little story reflect,
And pray that your pupils be numbered
Like Jim with the Savior's elect.

Like Gene may they all be as faithful
To lessons you daily impart,
As true to their friends, and as loyal
As he to the dear Sacred Heart.

OUR LOSS, HIS GAIN

We do not prize God's golden light,
Nor seem to know its worth,
Until it fades away and leaves
But darkness on the earth.
We value not fair Southern climes,
Where every breeze blows warm,
Until on some unsheltered wild
We face the frigid storm.

The fairest flowers we ever knew
Are not in bloom today,
Nor did we know they were so fair
Before they died away.
And thus it is with him we mourn—
We did not know the worth
Of that great soul which shed abroad
God's sunshine o'er the earth.

We did not value as we should
That prince of saintly men,
But took the gifts he freely gave,
Nor knew their value then.
In grief's great darkness, our poor hearts
Now prize what they have lost,
And know the value of those gifts
And what the giving cost.

The kindest voice we ever heard
Is that which death has stilled,
And oh, that heart of Christlike love
The same cold hand has chilled.
Then deem us not ungrateful still,
Who sigh for him and weep
Because the hands that toiled for us
Repose in peaceful sleep.

We would not call him back again
To labor for us here,
To sacrifice himself once more
Our weary lives to cheer;
But we must raise our hearts to God
And find our lost one there—
The world is gloomy since he died,
But heaven is more fair.

ST. MARTIN OF TOURS

I've been thinking today of a picture
That hung in an old-fashioned room,
In the days when my heart was so lightsome,
It mocked every shadow of gloom.
'Twas the picture of Martin, the valiant,
The noblest of soldiers in France,
Who, to shelter a shivering beggar,
Was parting his cloak with a lance.

And I still can remember the legend,
As told by the nurse so revered,
How this act of the generous soldier
So pleasing to Heaven appeared,
That the dull, threatening sky of November
Was flooded with glorious light,
And the old world, so dark and so dreary,
Again smiled resplendently bright.

Ah! no hero of song or of story
To the heart of a child could appeal
As Saint Martin, the kind-hearted soldier,
Who thus for the lowly could feel.
Do you wonder the heavens smiled o'er him,
When having dispensed all his gold,
He parted his own scarlet mantle
To shelter the beggar from cold?

May we practice this lesson you teach us,
O, glorious Patron of Tours!
May we merit God's smile of approval,
While helping the lowly and poor!
By an act of disinterested kindness,
We too can change darkness to light;
Just a word or a smile as we pass them,
Makes many a dreary life bright.

We can make a blest sunlight shine round us,
Without the assistance of gold;
And we warm our own hearts, when we lighten
Some heart that is heavy and cold.
O, that all men would study his picture,
And learn from the Patron of Tours,
That it does not detract from their valor
To comfort the lowly and poor.

TO MOTHER

We deck anew our Christmas Crib
With holly green and bright,
And think of how at Bethlehem,
On this most blessed night,
A Savior came in holy guise,
To light our darksome earth,
And hail as did the shepherds then,
The new Messiah's birth.

But oft these thoughts we interrupt,
And with devotion true,
We turn to Him and breathe a prayer,
Our mother dear, for you ;
For though we seldom see your face,
Or hear your voice, so dear,
The gratitude we owe to you,
Is ever present here.

And while we ask our Infant King
To bless your Christmas Day,
And grant your heart each fond desire,
We also humbly pray
That one bright inspiration, which
This Christmas brings to you,
May be to see your children here
More often than you do.

THE SHEPHERDS

In Bethlehem of Juda,
The stars were shining bright,
While shepherds on the mountains
Watched o'er their flocks by night.
In David's famous city
The thousands slept and dreamed,
Perhaps, of the Messiah
And Israel redeemed.

The Promise of the prophets
Though vague and undefined,
The hope of future glory
Filled every Jewish mind.
But ah! their proud hearts dreamed not
That in the evening's gloom,
They turned Him from their portals
Because there was no room.

No room for the Messiah,
For God's eternal Son!
The glory of the people,
The longed-for Holy One!
No room for the Messiah
In either home or heart;
And so to them, the angel
No message might impart.

The shepherds on the mountain
Were cold and needed sleep,
Yet cheerfully they guarded
Their flocks of drowsy sheep.
Their hearts were warm and spacious
And void of worldly pride;
If they could give, the needy
Would never be denied.

God knew that He was welcome
To all they had on earth,
And so to them the angel
Announced the Savior's birth.
They doubted not the message,
And this was their reward:
With Mary and with Joseph
To worship Christ the Lord.

Yes, they the humble shepherds
Were first to kneel and pray
With those who guarded Jesus
That wond'rous Christmas Day.
Dear child, we must be like them,
If we today would bring
A heart that's truly pleasing
To Christ, the newborn King.

AN EASTER GREETING

Once again we greet thee, mother,
Fondly wishing no alloy
May be mingled with the glory
Of thy golden Easter joy.
Through the holy Lenten season
Faithfully for thee we prayed,
And we sorrowed that the answer
We so longed for was delayed;
But we trust, as Easter gladness
Follows the sad Passion Tide,
So all cause of grief will vanish,
And sweet peace with thee abide.
We are longing, dearest Mother,
For one glimpse of thy loved face,
We are longing to behold thee
In thine old accustomed place.

Every lesson thou hast taught us
Is remembered, Mother dear,
All thy counsels to be earnest,
Artless, loving and sincere.
As the fragrant Easter lilies
Lend their perfume to the air,
From the hearts of thy fond children
Rises sweet incense of prayer;

And we know our dear Redeemer,
Who so glorious today,
Triumphs over death and darkness,
Kindly listens while we pray.
We will ask Him that this Easter
May be filled with joy divine,
That the holy peace of Heaven
Now, and evermore, be thine.

THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST

Another heart has ceased to beat,
Another soul has flown
To find new life within a Heart
That claimed it as Its own;
A soul resplendent, broad and pure,
Whose presence shed a light
That would dispel the shades of doubt
Were they as dark as night.

In her we've lost a faithful friend
Who sought the good of each,
We've lost a loyal heart that warmed
All hearts within its reach.
Then censure not our bitter tears,
For those who knew her worth
Must grieve until they follow her
To climes beyond the earth.

A teacher in the truest sense,
A strong and able guide,
Whose very glance could draw weak souls
With her to virtue's side,
And, hold them willing captives there
By her unswerving will;
She seemed unto their very lives
Her own strength to instill.

A sister—all that sweet word means—
She was, who fain would rob
Herself of every joy to spare
Our hearts one painful throb.
No favor in her power to grant
Was ever yet denied,
And what her hand found not to give
Her sympathy supplied.

But she was more than all of these,
Than sister, teacher, friend,—
A spouse of Christ who ever sought
His kingdom to extend.
Vain glory had no part with her,
And yet a holy pride
Could never let her soul forget
She was the Savior's bride.

A humble child of Mary's Heart,
Who gloried in the name;
True Spouse of Christ whose honor was
Her first and only aim.
Love was the keynote of her life,
Of all her noble deeds,
And now secure in Love's abode,
Can she forget our needs?

THE LAMB ASTRAY

The Shepherd seeks the lamb astray,
With anxious, loving heart;
Although the ninety-nine remain,
From one He would not part.
He follows over weary heights,
Wherever it may roam,
Still hoping He may find His lamb
And bear it safely home.

The Shepherd seeks the lamb astray:
Then how can we despise
E'en souls that seem unworthiest
To our weak mortal eyes?
Let him who never sinned himself,
Be first to cast a stone;
But let us help the shepherd find
The lamb that is his own.

The Shepherd seeks the lamb astray,
And He may yet reclaim
The soul from which we might recoil—
The soul sunk deep in shame.
If God withdrew from us today
His strong preserving hand
We, too, would fall, for none without
His saving grace may stand.

Then let us love and pity all,
 No matter what they seem—
Love all whom Calvary's Sacrifice
 Was offered to redeem.
We know the Shepherd died for all,
 And can we close our heart
Against a fellowman, and have
 With Jesus any part?

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH

O, hear us, dear Saint Joseph,
Who kneel to you in prayer,
And seek your intercession,
In every grief and care.
The Holy Child of Nazareth,
Has never yet denied,
A favor to the Father,
Who once His wants supplied.

O, Holy Spouse of Mary,
So patient and so mild,
You are as dear to Jesus,
As when He was a Child;
You still are loved as fondly,
By Heaven's honored Queen,
As when you both directed,
The Sacred Nazarene.

O, pray for us Saint Joseph,
That we may die like you,
On Jesus' heart reclining,
And Mary with us too!
Dear Patron of the dying,
What can there be to fear,
With such an intercessor,
When death is drawing near?

MY MOTHER

Though others may have failed to see
A line of beauty there,
To me my mother's patient face
Was wonderfully fair.
Those earnest eyes were wells of love
From which my soul drank deep,
And sweet and soothing is the voice
I still hear in my sleep.

My heart would break, did I not hope
That in a little while,
In God's eternal Home of Love,
I'll see my mother's smile.
My heart would break, did I not feel
That she is near me still,
Assisting me to humbly bow
To God's most holy will;

Assisting me to bravely bear
The sorrow and the gloom
In union with the Master's grief
At Lazarus' holy tomb.
Ah! she would sacrifice her life
To shield my heart from pain,
And now her fond protecting love
With me must still remain.

God grant in thought, in word, or deed,
I never may depart
From precepts that she first instilled
Into my wayward heart.
In life, I could not bear to see
A shadow on her brow,
Then may no thoughtless act of mine
Transgress her wishes now.

My mother, you will pray for me,
And pray for those whose grief
Is heavier than mine to bear,
Obtain for us relief.
My father, sisters, brothers, all—
Pray for us, mother mine!
Watch over us, until with you
We rest in Love Divine.

MARY OF THE MOUNT

One lovely autumn afternoon,
We reached the Poconos
Where nature all her matchless gifts
With lavish hand bestows.
The mountains in their autumn garb
Of scarlet, brown and gold,
With here and there a tint of green,
Were wond'rous to behold.

And not less fair the distant scene
In varied shades of blue,
Off where the famous Water Gap
Adds interest to the view.
We passed around High Knob and gazed
Adown the wooded glen,
The like of which we may not see
In this fair world again.

They call that valley Paradise—
'Tis worthy of the name—
We fancied every crimson branch
An angel sword aflame.
Sweet are the legends men relate
Of how the settlers came
And gave that charming little glen
Its still more charming name.

O, they were noble pioneers
Who bravely toiled along,
And cheered each other on the way
With strains of sacred song.
Far over on the mountain side
Within God's Acre green,
They rest, who once like us admired
The beauties of that scene.

We fondly trust they live with God
Who faithfully through life,
Clung firmly to the holy Faith
'Mid hardships, toils and strife.
That they rejoice now to behold
Far up the mountain height,
The symbol of that living Faith
Gleam out in golden light.

It marks the soul-inspiring church,
Saint Mary of the Mount,
The dearest place in all that land
Whose beauties I recount.
Within that consecrated shrine,
New beauties we beheld,
Where rustic colors still prevailed,
In softness unexcelled.

There through the mullioned windows came
The waves of tinted light
And lit the marble altar fair,
So perfect and so white.
The statues placed on either side
Possess a thousand charms:
The Foster-father with the Child
Reclining in his arms;

And oh! sweet Mary of the Mount,
Our Lady full of grace,—
The sculptor surely was inspired
Who wrought that life-like face.
The pleading look in those calm eyes
Would melt a heart of stone—
What must it be to really stand
Before her heavenly throne?

In reverential awe, I knelt
Before the altar fair,
And thanked the Eucharistic God,
Who deigns to linger there,
For all the beauties I beheld
In nature and in art,
O, may they serve to draw men's souls
Still closer to His Heart!

THREE GIFTS

God wrought three gifts for you, good child,
Of Heaven's richest gold,
And lo! within your heart today
These precious gifts you hold.

The first is faith—child, guard it well,
For woe will rule the day
You let the wily sceptic steal
That golden gift away.

The next is Hope; child, lose it not,
For never can Despair
Twine his cold fingers round your heart
While Hope is cherished there.

The last is Love— the vital warmth
Man's soul must ever crave;
Ah! child, it is the richest gift
A good God ever gave.

NEXT SUMMER

The snow drifted over the mountain
And down through the long wooded glen,
So cold and so deep that we longed for
The beautiful summer again.
The river, last Maytime so merry,
In ice bonds lay seemingly still,
The snow-clouds were lowering above us,
The west wind blew bitter and chill;
The pine trees were sadly complaining,
The squirrels had hidden away,
Not even a snowbird made merry
That gloomy and bleak winter day.

The schoolgirls were out for an airing,
And all, like the day, seemed depressed,
Save Ruth, who was chattering beside me,
And striving to hearten the rest.
Her cheeks were as red as June roses,
Her dark eyes were sparkling and bright;
Her smile, like a glorious sunshine,
Bespoke a heart happy and light.
When asked, "Can it be that you really
Enjoy such a wild winter scene?"
She answered: "Nay. Sister; I'm thinking
Next summer the grass will be green.

“Next summer the birds will be singing
Up there in the greenest of trees,
And down in the valley the flowers
Will spread out a feast for the bees.
Next summer the old Lackawanna
Will sing as it dances along,
To the lilies abloom on its borders,
The merriest kind of a song.
Think not that I love the wild winter;
I prize not its cold icy sheen,
But all the day long I am thinking
Next summer the grass will be green.”

Who thinks that this wee, merry maiden
Is not a philosopher wise,
Whose laudable method of thinking
Deserves to receive the first prize?
Oh, would that we all might be like her,
For each has his season of grief,
Though God, in His infinite mercy,
Ordained that our sorrows be brief.
With joy we can meet every trial
And smile on the dreariest scene,
If only, like Ruth, we remember—
Next summer the grass will be green.

THE SISTER'S SECRET

Beneath an ivy-covered arch
That screened the convent hall,
A group of happy Sisters sat
And watched the twilight fall.
The day was spent in holy toil,
And still more holy prayer,
And now the recreation hour
Found all assembled there.

Still faintly shone the afterglow
Of sunset in the west,
And filled their minds with sacred thoughts,
E'en in the hour of rest;
And, gay or grave, whene'er they spoke,
God's glory was the theme—
The surest index that He ruled,
Within their hearts supreme.

They talked of poor, afflicted ones
Who came for solace there,
And one lamented that these souls
Had many wrongs to bear.
Another said, "Such crosses are
True blessings in disguise,
But I admit that they are saints
Who can such blessings prize."

At length an aged Sister spoke—
She bore no single trace
Of sorrow, care nor wasting time,
Upon her sweet, calm face.
“I’ve lived within these walls,” she said,
“For over forty years,
And I have not received a cross
In all that time, my dears.”

They looked at her in strange surprise;
One asked, “How can it be,
My sister, you have thus escaped,
When many fall to me?”
“Perhaps,” the kindly voice replied,
“The secret lieth here :
In all that time, I never crossed
The Will of God, my dear.”

O, happy secret! could it reach
Each saddened soul on earth,
There might be far less sighs and tears,
And far more smiles and mirth;
For we may gather thorns or flowers,
In joys or sorrows share;
It rests with us—make God’s will ours,
And then no cross we bear.

A PRAYER FOR FRANCE

Jesus, God of love and mercy,
Deign to turn a gracious glance
On the loyal-hearted children,
Suffering for You in France.

Pity them, O, Lord! and pity
All the poor, misguided tools
Whom Your wily foe is using
To enforce satanic rules.

Let your grace pervade the darkness
That enshrouds the souls of those,
Who, deluded by their passions,
Would the Source of light oppose.

France has seen again repeated
That sad tragedy of old;
Her Iscariots have bartered,
And betrayed their God for gold.

Yea, sweet Jesus, they have sold You
For the sake of worldly gain;
They would banish You forever,
Some slight profit to obtain.

Banish You! O, Jesus! Jesus!
Stay with France! this is our prayer;
Though they close each church and chapel,
Living temples still are there.

Stay with France, enshrined securely
In the hearts that still are true,
Loyal hearts that cling more fondly,
In their sad distress to You.

Mary, Mother! Help of Christians!
By the favors you procured
For the faithful who have sought you
In the holy shrine of Lourdes,

We implore your intercession
For the land the Church holds dear.
For the favored Eldest Daughter,—
Jesus will your pleadings hear.

May this cruel persecution
Serve His honor to advance!
May the Faith we love still flourish,
As of old, in Christian France!

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Her morning task yet uncompleted,
Our dear, little bonny-faced lass
Sat still in the study-room smiling
Although it was time for her class,
She blushed when she saw I observed her
And hastily came to my side;
“O, Sister, I really can’t study,
Because I’m so happy!” she cried.

“I’m waiting all morning to tell you,
I dreamed of the infant last night,—
The really Divine, little infant,
All framed in a halo of light.
My father I dreamed was a shepherd,
And I was a shepherdess, too,
And played on the hills of Judea,
As any young Jewess might do.

“And just like St. Luke’s holy Gospel,
We came out the night watch to keep,
And I and some more little children
Were helping take care of the sheep.
But while we were watching, the heavens
Were flooded with beautiful light,
And then came an angel band singing
The hymn we were learning last night.

“Soon one of the bright throng descending,
Came all the way down to the earth,
And telling us not to be frightened,
Announced the Emmanuel’s birth.
Then, ‘Glory to God in the highest!’
Re-echoed all over the hill,
And lo! they repeated the message
“And peace to all men of good will.”

“Then slowly the darkness enclosed them
Till only the stars twinkled through;
And one of the shepherds said softly:
‘Come down and we’ll see if it’s true.’
To Bethlehem every one hastened,
And entering the grotto, so bare
We knew that the angel spoke truly
For Mary and Joseph were there.

“St. Joseph looked somewhat like grandpa,
But dressed like that statue, you see;
And smiled with his eyes just as he does
Whenever he’s talking to me.
And Mary, the dear blessed Mother!
I’ve dreamed of fair faces before,.
But never of anything like her,
Or like the sweet smile that she wore.

“One glance and we knew we were welcome;
Then all of us knelt down and prayed,
And though I was near to the cattle,
I wasn’t the least bit afraid,
And soon I crept close to the manger,
And found, nestled down in the straw,
The sweetest and rosiest Baby
That anyone ever yet saw.

“I couldn’t help touching the Darling,
So little and yet so Divine,
And leaning right over the manger,
I clasped His soft fingers in mine,
And whispered, ‘O, dear little Jesus,
Please keep me forever with You!’
He opened His eyes and looked at me—
O, Sister, I wish it were true!

“I wish He would look at me always
With love shining out of His eyes;
I never again will be frightened
Or sorry when any one dies.
Then please do not talk about study
But come to the chapel and pray
That when we are dying, sweet Jesus
Will look at us both in that way.”

L. Envoi.

I trust that your dreams, little children,
Will all be as holy and fair;
And Oh! may I hope you include me
In some such a beautiful prayer?

A PRIEST FOREVER

A day of joy has dawned for you,
The chief of joyous days;
And it is meet that we rejoice
And sing God's holy praise.
You have responded to His call,
The whispered, "Follow Me,"
That filled the chosen few with zeal
In ancient Galilee.

You loved the beauty of His house,
His tabernacles fair;
And now the right is yours to dwell
In union with Him there.
To be His loved ambassador
Might have your hopes sufficed,
But Mother Church proclaims you now,
Her priest,—another Christ.

Another Christ, whom she has sent
Immortal souls to save,
To give again the holy gifts
That He so freely gave,
Another Christ to draw men's souls
Close to His Sacred Heart,
To reproduce His life in theirs—
The aim of Christian art.

Another Christ, empowered by
The very words you speak,
To raise the weary weight of sin
From souls oppressed and weak.
And, thought sublime! empowered to call,
E'en God from His bright throne,
And place Him in the hearts of men
To be their very own.

But oh! the crowning joy of all
Is that a God should deem
Man worthy of those rights divine,
Immortal and supreme.
Immortal, for the impress made
Upon your soul today,
The everlasting seal of God
Shall never pass away.

"A priest forever!" Oh! what joy
This one great thought procures
For her whose deathless mother-love
Is so entirely yours.
A prelude of eternal bliss
Thrills through her fond heart now,
As your annointed hand is placed
In blessings on her brow.

We come to claim your blessing too,
Whose hearts with hers rejoice,
Who pray that God may multiply
For you each blessing choice;
That ever faithful to the trust
You have received today,
You may draw countless souls to walk
Where you will lead the way.

A TALE OF THE CHOCONUT VALLEY

In old Choconut so lovely,
Land of lakes and rippling rills,
With its famous woods and valleys,
And its sunny, sloping hills,
Where the stream from Stanley's Fishery
Winds around a gentle hill,
Where the birch still now is standing,
Just above the Nugent Mill,
Years ago there stood a schoolhouse,
Built of logs and chinked with clay,—
Rude 'twould seem and unattractive
To the children of today.

But what child can hear the stories
Of the wond'rous sport and fun,
That this dear old schoolhouse witnessed,
And not wish that he were one
Of the three score, who had gathered
Round its fire one cold March day
Sixty years ago this winter,
So our good old neighbors say.
That had been the "hardest" winter,
Ever pioneer had known;
All along the lanes and by-ways,
Snow banks six feet deep had grown.

Every wall and fence was covered,
Hidden were the hillocks low,
And the country seemed an ocean
Of resplendent, dazzling snow.
Every shrub and tree was draped in
Fairy robes of spotless white,—
True, the landscape made a picture
Very pleasing to the sight;
But though fair, the snow proved fatal
To the tenants of the wood,
And the poor beasts sought the farm yards
In their eager search for food.

Though the wolf, the bear and panther,
Roamed no more our native hill,
Yet the red deer, lithe and graceful
Lingered in the forest still;
And the deep snow proved as quicksand
To these pretty, luckless deer,
Yes, the creatures died by dozens
In its cruel grasp that year.
We are told the lucky hunters,
From the forest oft would drive
Fettered deer that they had captured
In the crusted drifts alive.

Still there dwells in Choconut Centre,
One whom I have heard relate,
How her brother had a deer park
On the Chamberlain estate;
How he tended deer all winter,
As a dairyman his cows,
Hauling hay and other fodder,
For the grateful herd to browse,
And what makes the story sweetest,
Is that he one bright spring day,
When the snow drifts all had melted,
Let the pretty deer away.

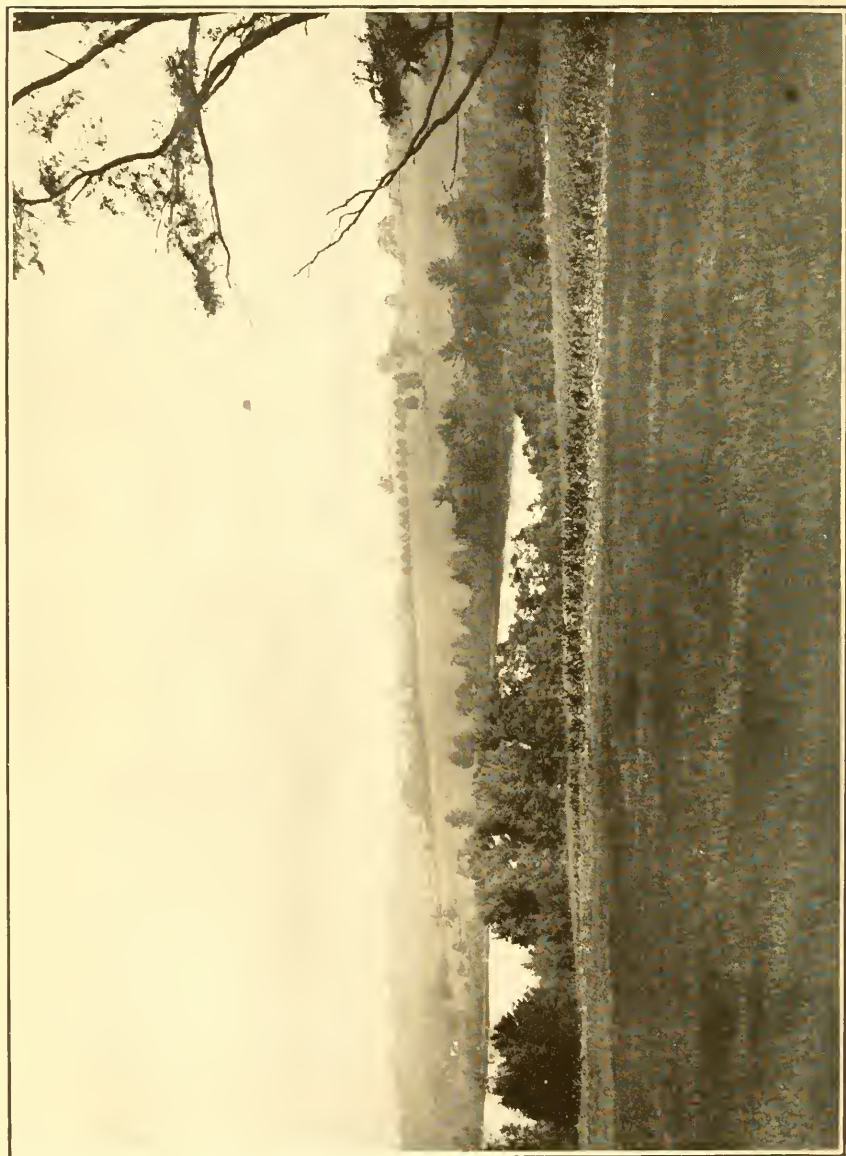
Back they bounded to the forest,
Sought again their native glen—
Don't you think the old-time hunters
Really were kind-hearted men?
Pardon me! I've been digressing
From the schoolhouse by the mill,
Which, my dear, of all deer stories,
Is the dearest story still.
It so happened that those children,
Out snowballing at recess,
Chanced to hear the plaintive bleating
Of a red deer in distress.

Eagerly they went to seek it,
And half buried in the snow,
Soon they found the helpless creature,
In the valley just below.
Then the boldest of the party,
One who scorned the name of fear,
Won the others' admiration,
As he mounted that wild deer;
While they tramped the snow about him,
Urging loud the strange steed on,
Some more cautious, kept repeating:
"He may kick! Be careful, John!"

Well, the deer plunged forward slowly,
Till it reached the beaten track,
Then away like lightning bounded,
With the schoolboy on its back.
Up the hill, and down the valley—
O, it was the wildest race!
But the noble boy clung firmly,
With the most intense embrace.
And the rider still is wondering
Just how far that deer would go,
If it had not chanced to stumble
In another bank of snow.

Then that band of fearless youngsters,
Dauntless sons of pioneers,
Gathered once more round their captive,
While the woods rang with their cheers.
Half a dozen others rode him,
And the sport was relished well,
But they "turned him out to pasture,"
When the teacher rang the bell.
Time has changed that noted valley;
Now the forest dense lies low,
And it lacks the sweet wild flavor,
It possessed so long ago.

Sixty years have left their traces
On each sunny slope and lea;
Stately dwellings grace the homesteads
Where the log huts used to be.
Now our modern schoolboy revels
On his skates of glinting steel,
Or perhaps spins round the ice track
On a famous "Ben Hur" wheel.
He, no doubt, is truly grateful
Such sweet treasures to possess;
But he'll never ride a wild deer
Up the turnpike at recess.



A GLIMPE OF OLD CHOCONUT

MY OLD COUNTRY HOME

Hedged in by a long line of hemlock,
It stands on a green, sloping hill,
My old-fashioned home in the country,
So dear to my memory still.
The orchard yet clusters around it,
Where robins and bluebirds make free
To nest in the sheltering branches,
And argue their right to each tree.
No music can ever outrival
The concerts those songsters hold there,
When strains of their beautiful matins
Ring out on the clear morning air.

High over the orchard, twin spruce trees,
Like sentinels standing on guard,
Look down on the Choconut waters
That once woke the strains of our bard.
And scarcely less stately the locusts
That arch o'er the maple trees tall,
Where lilacs make fragrant the spring-time,
And mountain ash brightens the fall.
The spring and the Cherry-tree Garden,
The old watering trough and the lane,
The sweet briar bush and the alders
My lasting affection still claim.

Old Ringwood, the guard of the pasture,
Where Matchless such great honors gained,
And Daisy, our proud piebald beauty,
As queen of the paddock once reigned;
The chestnut trees up by the graveyard,
The dreaded Ghost Hollow, between
The real haunted bridge and the village,
Where never a spirit was seen;
The ranch and the little white schoolhouse,
The black cherry grove on the hill.
And Fairy Land down in the pine wood,
My mind with sweet memories fill.

But more than all others, I cherish
My own favorite haunt by the lake,
Where laurel and winter-green mingle
With maiden-hair fern and wild brake.
There often I wandered in May-time
And gathered the spring-beauty sweet,
To bring to the church in the village
And lay at the dear Virgin's feet.
Oh! happy the days that I spent there—
The days of the sweet long ago;
And happy the dreams that I dreamed there,
The dreams that but childhood can know.

God bless my old home in the country!
And bless those who still linger there,
The loved ones whose names are repeated
In many and many a prayer.
God bless those who left the old homestead,
Yet think of it fondly tonight,
Whose smiles are now missed in the circle
That once was so sunny and bright.
God grant we may yet be united,
No matter how far we may roam;
May no one be missing in Heaven,
Who lived in my old country home.

A GREETING TO THE VETERANS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

O, veterans who fought for the Union,
We tender a welcome to you,
A welcome sincere and whole-hearted
To every brave soldier in blue.
When torn by dissension, our nation
Stood tottering and ready to fall,
She called in her need for assistance
And you bravely answered the call;
For love of your country and justice,
You sacrificed all that was dear—
What wonder we deem it an honor
To welcome each veteran here.

Yes, proudly we welcome the heroes
Who fought for so holy a cause,
Who fought for their down-trodden brethren,
Unmindful of spoils or applause.
Our own St. Cecilia's inculcates
A love for the noble and brave,
Esteem for the men who imperil
Their own lives another's to save.
And, veterans, we know well your story,
Pathetic, soul-stirring, and grand;
We know how you suffered and struggled
When war tides swept over the land.

Our young hearts oft thrilled with emotion,
Recalling the grand "Sixty-three";
When Liberty's angel recorded:
"Three millions of slaves are set free."
The glory of that proclamation
Erased from our land its worst stain;
But, veterans, without your assistance
Good Lincoln had spoken in vain.
Without the Grand Army, our nation,
Now proud of her glorious name,
Might blush for the dark crime of slavery
And fold her free colors in shame.

Thank God that the Grand Army conquered,
Though hundreds of thousands were lost!
But oh! when the cause is fair Freedom's
No patriot thinks of the cost.
You marched through the smoke of the battle
When musket and cannon flashed death,
Determined to save the dear Union,
Or give for her sake your last breath.
While martyrs were falling around you
Whose graves we shall garland today,
You murmured a prayer for the dying,
And steadfastly worked through the fray.

The struggle was irksome and bitter;
The men of the Southland were brave,—
Ay, many a noble heart moldered
To dust in a lone rebel's grave.
But braver by far were the soldiers
Who stood on the side of the right;
Who knew that defeat meant disaster,
Who fought as but patriots fight.
And God blessed the strong Union forces
Blessed them and their glorious cause;
They conquered and won for our country
Forever the wide world's applause.

Your herohood long has been proven,
You need not our tribute of praise;
The knowledge of duty accomplished
Is sweeter than garlands of bays.
The angels in Heaven might envy
The humblest of men who are blest
With the memory of hardships and trials
Endured for the weak and oppressed.
The nation in gratitude blesses
The Grand Army year after year;
And we, too, invoke benedictions
On all whom we now welcome here.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN

I never stood on Irish ground,
Nor breathed the balmy air
That blows across old Ireland's hills
And through her valleys fair.
I never saw Killarney's lakes,
Nor sweet Avoca's streams,
I never gazed on Cashel Rock
Except in holy dreams;
And yet I prize each inch of ground
That dear St. Patrick blessed,
And next to fair America,
I love old Ireland best.

Columbia claims no fonder child,
No patriot more true—
I'd die for any star that glows
Upon her flag's fair blue.
The Celtic blood within my veins
Is thrilled with honest pride
When I behold the Stars and Stripes
That tyranny defied;
And yet there's room within my heart
For Erin's green and gold,
The colors which my fathers would
With holy pride unfold.

My fathers, who for flag and Faith
Have fought and freely bled,—
O, tell me not the cause is lost
For which their blood was shed!
Does not the deathless Irish Faith
In Ireland still remain?
Do not the scions of that race
This priceless boon retain?
The green and gold are loved today
As fondly as of yore;
And who would not rejoice to see
Old Ireland free once more?

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

Dear Sister, will you not accept
One flower of thought from me,
And place it in the golden crown,
Of your glad Jubilee?

A flower culled long years ago
When your young heart renounced
The world with all that it contained,
And your sweet Vows pronounced.

Full fifty years have passed since then
And still your heart is leal
To Him who placed upon your soul
His everlasting seal.

Your self-renouncement was complete,
You chose the "better part"—
Your first and only aim to please
The bridegroom of your heart.

O, Sister, you may well rejoice!
The golden crown is won,
And Jesus whispers to your soul,
"My faithful spouse, well done!"

I pray the brightness of your joy
Dear one, may never fade
Till on your brow a lasting crown
By sacred hands is laid.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

In childhood days with eager heart,
I hailed the dawn of May,
The first of Mary's sacred month
And mother's natal day.
The meaning of this double feast
I cannot yet define,
But then it meant so much to me,
So much to me and mine;
For mother's Birthday was a feast
Especially her own,
The only day on which she reigned
From off her regal throne.

She was our blue-eyed Queen of May;
With joy we dressed her hair,
That was as fair a golden crown
As any queen might wear;
And in its shining strands we twined
The English violets blue;
Oh! how she loved the mossy wood
Wherein these blossoms grew!
The pure white flowers she prized so well,
Our mother would not wear;
They were reserved for Mary's shrine,
Where oft she knelt in prayer.

I still can see her wond'rous smile
 When father made a speech,
Can see her graciously accept
 A Birthday gift from each.
And with what blissful secrecy
 We planned those gifts to buy,
More blest to give than to receive
 But then we knew not why.
O, loved ones, we can send her gifts
 More beautiful today,—
Rare gems of prayer with which to crown
 Once more our Queen of May.

TO A GRADUATE

You stand with wistful heart tonight
Beside an open gate,
Through which you are so soon to pass,
 “A sweet girl graduate.”
The road o’er which you are to tread
Is wrapped in rosy haze,
You know not whether it will wind
Through dark or sunny ways.

But let that road be what it may,
I have no fears for you,
If only you will keep, dear girl,
The final end in view.
And if at times you find it rough,
If thorns should block your way,
Think of the Home to which it leads,
Where you shall rest some day.

You stand beside the open gate,
Reluctant to depart,
For love of Alma Mater beats
Warm in your faithful heart.
The Alma Mater that infused
Into your mind and soul
A wealth of knowledge that will help
You reach the distant goal.

Faith, Hope, and Charity divine,—
More valued than the rest,—
Will brighten all your future years
And make life's ending blest.
Be ever what you are today,
And none need fear for you,—
A self-reliant character,
Strong, womanly and true.

Through tear-dimmed eyes you look around
On classmates ne'er so dear,
So indispensable, as when
The parting hour draws near.
You turn to teachers, faithful friends—
'Tis hard to say farewell,—
'Tis hard to think no more you'll hear
The sweet-toned convent bell.

But He who taught in Galilee
Will be your Teacher still;
Then be His docile pupil, child,
Submissive to His will.
Oh! may He bless you every day,
And keep you in His school!
And may you find eternal joy
In following His rule.

SANCTA ROSA

Sweet Sancta Rosa, can it be,
 Within thy safe retreat,
That any pleasure not of God
 Can ever seem replete?
How can distractions fill my mind,
 Or vanity conspire
To draw my thoughts away from God
 By any vain desire?

How can I sigh for absent friends,
 That ever have been dear,
And know the King of Heavenly Hosts,
 The Savior, dwelleth here?
O, Mother of sweet Jesus, pray
 That ever to the end
My heart may cherish Him alone,
 My one unchanging Friend!

Can I regret the worldly home
 That once I thought so fair,
And know there is no holy shrine,
 No tabernacle there?
Sweet Sancta Rosa, with thy help
 My heart no more shall roam
From thy revered Novitiate,
 My dearest earthly home.

THE DEAD SHEPHERD

It fell in the noon of his manhood,
The death-dew, like ice on his brow,
And chilled the great heart of the shepherd,
Whom thousands are mourning for now.
Too soon has this fatal dew fallen,
And well may our hearts grieve as one;
Too soon, for his work is unfinished—
The work he so grandly begun.

Too soon! it is selfish to say it!
Ah! has he not merited rest?
His God-given task is completed,
And now he is crowned with the blest.
Death brings the reward of his labors,
His sufferings so silently borne,
And self-sacrificing devotion,
To us whom he leaves here to mourn.

Our poor human hearts that he counseled
In all things to welcome God's will,
Are breaking today—not rebelling,
For he is their counselor still.
O, Thou who didst mourn over Lazarus!
Thou knowest the depth of our grief;
Thy heart understands as no other,
To thee, then, we turn for relief.

He taught us, in every affliction,
Thy infinite mercy to see;
In death, as in life, he would draw us,
Still closer, sweet Jesus, to Thee.
None other can comfort our sorrow,
None other can lighten the gloom,—
And, O, they need comfort and sunshine,
Whose hearts are with him in the tomb!

CHRISTIAN FAITH

("The fairest thing in life is death.")

With gladsome smiles she welcomed death,
She who so oft had prayed:
"In my last hour, O, Jesus, be
My comfort and my aid!"
She who repeated o'er and o'er
So many times a day:
"When death draws near, O, Virgin fair,
Be with me then, I pray!"

My confidence has been increased
Since I beheld her die,
And saw the bright smile on her lip,
The joy-light in her eye.
E'en death itself was powerless
Her soul's fair hope to dim,—
Nay, God could not forsake her then,
Who had so trusted Him.

The aim of her sweet life was this:
To fit her soul to meet
God as a Friend, when she should stand
Before His judgment seat.
That "As we live, so shall we die,"
Was truly proven there;
Her life was beautiful, but oh!
Her death was still more fair.

THE STORY FIEND

Friend, should you know a story fiend
Whose eyes are blue and bright,
Then you can sympathize with me,—
I meet one every night.
Though Thomas Cyril is his name,
The children call him Tom,
And everybody bows to him,
No matter where he's from.

When twilight deepens into night
He lies in wait for me,
And makes me tell about the boy
Who ran away to sea;
And then about Red Ridinghood,
And Jack and Tiny Bear,
And Christmas and the angels, too,
With shining wings and hair.

When these are all recounted, then
He whispers: "If you please,
I'd like to hear about the mouse
That stole the piece of cheese;
And then about the Guinea Pigs,
The Little Boy in Blue,
The Bean Stalk that belonged to Jack,
And Cinderella too."

The most despotic tyrant this
That ever yet was seen,
In vain I plead I want to write,
Or read a magazine;
I'd like, perhaps, to take a walk,
Or ride or drive, or skate:
"You can't!" the story fiend will cry,
"You know it is too late.

" 'Tis story time," he will insist,
The stars are coming out;
The fairies are abroad, you know,
And witches all about.
I would not dare to let you go;
So stay just where you are,
And tell about Old Mother Goose,
The Cat and the Guitar.

"Goliath and the Shepherd Boy,
And Jonathan and Saul,
Old Santa and his reindeer too,—
Yes, tell about them all."
Friend, should you meet this story fiend
Just at the close of day,
Then you will know the reason why
My hair is turning gray.

NEVER LEAVE THE FARM

Is it true that you are thinking
Of the city far away,
From your rural friends are shrinking?
I was told 'tis so, today.
Boy, it grieved my old heart sadly,
Ay, and filled me with alarm,
Thus to learn that you would gladly
Leave the homestead—leave the farm.

That you fain would seek for pleasures,
Seek for honor, wealth and gold,
And the many other treasures
City life is thought to hold.
If the native hills you're scorning,
I have reason for alarm—
Listen to your father's warning:
Johnny, never leave the farm.

Quench the flame of this ambition,
E'er it burns your peace away;
Others sought a like transition
And have lived to rue the day;—
Others, reared in air untainted
By the deadly breath of crime,
Whose integrity has fainted
Mid the city's baneful grime.

You remember how our neighbor
Sent his brilliant boy away;
He for wealth and fame would labor—
Where's that brilliant boy today?
Thousands more are surely sinking
Who have stumbled on the shoals,
While of worldly honors thinking
They have wrecked their precious souls.

You may feel that you are stronger,
More determined in the right.
You, perchance, might battle longer,
But at last might lose the fight.
Crime may often undetected
Have in what seems good its source,
And before we half suspect it
We are on the downward course.

I am nearing life's December,
You have scarcely passed its May;
Time has taught me, boy, remember,
What I'd have you learn today.
If you'd shun the way of danger,
And in peace would find a charm,
If to vice you'd be a stranger,
Johnny, never leave the farm.

AN EASTER WISH

Dearest friend, the Easter lilies
Mingle now their perfume sweet
With the passion-flowers we gathered
At the suffering Savior's feet.

Magdalen once more is smiling,
After all her bitter tears;
She has heard the angel's message,
And her heart no longer fears.

Israel's fair rose, sweet Mary,
Mother of the Chosen One,
Clasps again in holy rapture,
Her Redeemer and her Son.

All the sorrows, all the sufferings,
That were prophesied are o'er,
And the heart that broke on Calvary
Throbs with grief and pain no more.

Where the other Marys with her,
Knelt the first bright Easter Day,
I, in spirit, kneel this morning,
Friend of mine, for you to pray.

And in this glad hour of triumph,
While the "Alleluias" ring,
Claim for you a special blessing
From our newly-risen King.

May this blessing be a prelude
Of the deep, eternal bliss,
That awaits His loyal subjects
In a better life than this!

A WORD OF CHEER

When skies are dark and winds blow chill
And all the world seems wrong,
Then let the harp's sweet music thrill
And sing a merry song.
There's magic in the human voice,
A pow'r for good or ill;
A glad song makes the heart rejoice,
Then sing it with a will.

No day is dark to those who wear
A glad heart-warming smile,
To them, though skies be dark or fair,
The sun shines all the while.
The sunny smile, the gladsome voice,
Bespeak the righteous heart;
Then learn at all times to rejoice,
For this is Christian art.

He who has learned to know the worth
Of broad, unselfish love,
Has God as near to him on earth
As to the saints above.
With sadness make no compromise,
No compromise with care,—
There's boundless joy in Paradise,
And we are going there.

LITTLE THINGS

It is not from deeds heroic
That the greatest pleasure springs,
And the source of good or evil
Lies, my dear, in little things.
Every smile of recognition,
Every kindly word you say,
Helps to cheer and strengthen others
Whom you meet along the way.
And perhaps the soul encouraged
By the sweetness of your speech,
May repeat the same to hearten
Those your voice could never reach.

O, so much of joy and gladness
On a little act depends!
On a thoughtful letter written
To some alien far from friends,
Or a fragrant flower given
To a sick, neglected child,—
Deeds like these produce more pleasure
Than the deepest books compiled;
And one prayerful aspiration
Springing from a fervent heart,
May procure a grace more precious
Than the grandest work of art.

Just a kindly explanation,
Given as you pass along,
Or a little word of warning,
May prevent an endless wrong.
Just a tiny seed of discord
Long-united friends may part,
And a scornful glance can scatter
Every hope from some fond heart.
We have known fair reputations
Withered by detraction's breath,
And a poisonous word to render
Wounds more pitiless than death.

Great results that spring from trifles
To eternity extend,
And upon a little action
Our salvation may depend.
Just one sigh of true contrition
Coming from the dying soul,
Many years estranged from Heaven,
And it reaches that bright goal.
Seek not then for great distinction
Or the bays that honor brings,
But remember, joy unending
Can be bought with little things.

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

Kneeling in Thy holy presence,
God of glory and of love!
E'en the angels are not nearer
To Thy throne of light above.

Weary was my soul, and saddened
Ere I sought Thy side to pray,
But the weariness and sadness
Brought to Thee, soon fade away.

Here all anxious care must vanish,
Here all troubled thoughts must cease;
Here and only here, sweet Jesus,
Can my soul find perfect peace.

Draw me nearer to Thee, Jesus,
Nearer to Thy Sacred Heart,—
Whisper words of comfort to me,
For too soon must I depart.

Oh, how wondrous is Thy mercy
In allowing me the bliss
To approach, though all unworthy,
Claiming love from Thee, like this.

Love like this, O, sweetest Savior!
All this love was ever mine,—
Would that I could tell Thee, truly,
That my love was ever Thine!

But alas! my heart forsook Thee,
Mocked, denied, betrayed and scorned,
Helped to weave the crown of torture
Which Thy sacred brow adorned.

Yes, my sins, I know, sweet Savior,
Doomed Thee to a cruel death,
Yet Thou didst forgive me freely,
Even with Thy dying breath.

Heart Divine, Thy love was strongest,
Most sublime, most pure, and true,
When Thou saidst: "Forgive them, Father,
For they know not what they do."

Knew I not? O, Jesus, Jesus!
My ingratitude I own;
Now, the heart that crucified Thee,
Beats for Thee and Thee alone.

Teach me how to love Thee better,
Teach me how to prove my love,
That the world may know I truly
Worship Thee all else above.

Teach, O, teach me how to thank Thee
For Thy graces, I implore,
For each time I seek Thy presence
I receive still more and more.

And today, my dear Redeemer,
I must ask more favors still:
Bless my cold, weak heart, and make it
More submissive to Thy will.

Bless my kind and faithful mother,
Bless my sisters, fond and dear,
Give us grace, in Thy sweet service
Faithfully to persevere.

And the loved ones, who are struggling
In the world of grief and strife;
Lead them tenderly and safely
To Thy bright eternal Life.

Light the friends, who still are groping
In the darkness, bleak and cold,
That they, soon, may know and love Thee,
Shepherd of the one true Fold.

With the souls of the departed,
Who are waiting my appeal
To Thy mercy, for their ransom,
Dearest Jesus, kindly deal.

Grant, my Savior, I may greet them
In that holy resting place,
Flooded by Thy love, and lighted
By the glory of Thy face.

There, when gazing on Thy beauty,
With Thy holy Mother, fair,
May no dear one then be missing,
But may all I love be there.

Duty calls me now to leave Thee,
'Tis Thy will that I should go;
Of the dangers and temptations
That await me, Thou dost know.

Every thought, each word I utter,
All I suffer or endure,
I now offer Thee, dear Jesus,—
O, make each intention pure.

Wilt Thou, in return, sweet Savior,
Give Thy child the grace to see,
Where to pluck love's choicest flowers,
As an offering meet for Thee?

I must leave Thee, King and Lover,
But my heart remains with Thee,
And I know where e'er I wander,
Thy sweet Spirit watches me.

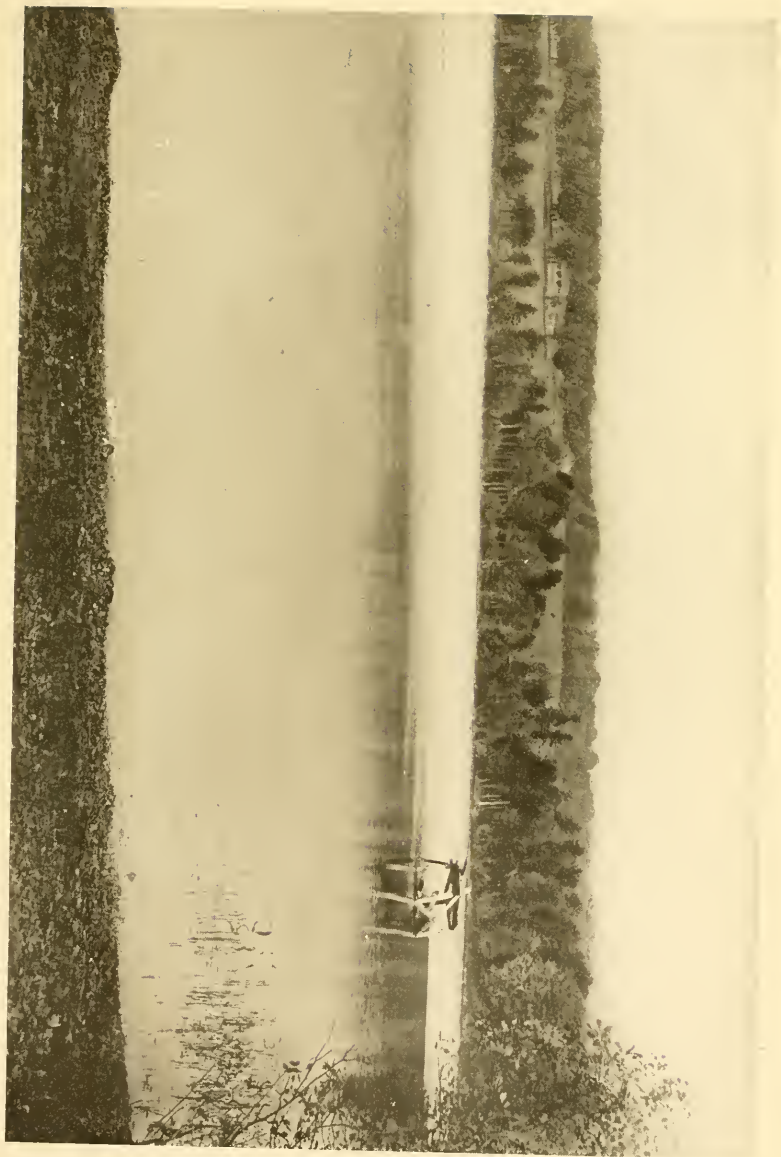
BESIDE THE CARMALT

The autumn leaves are falling
In clouds of brown and gold,
And restless birds are calling
Sweet notes across the wold;
The harvest has been garnered,
But where the Carmalt flows,
The scarlet flash of mountain-ash
Through pine and hemlock glows.

And like a flaming mirror,
This fairest mere I know
Reflects the tawny amber
With which the maples glow;
Reflects the glowing splendor
Of brush and wood and cloud,
Whose red and gold and shades untold
The Choconut hills enshroud.

I stood beside the Carmalt
One morning long ago;
Then shone the sun at dawning
As now when sinking low,
And then, in life's fair morning,
Aglow with love and hope,
My brother walked with me, and talked,
Adown the wooded slope.

LAKE CHOCONUT, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "THE CARP MAT"





Our hearts were light, and laughter
Re-echoed o'er the wave;
But now the leaves are falling
Around his silent grave.
My heart now loves to linger
And dream about him here,
While like sweet balm the fall birds' psalm
Still soothes my listening ear.

Of deathless love and glory
He spoke that autumn dawn,
Of union with the Master
To whom his heart was drawn.
He taught my soul, that never
Is earthly joy complete,
That peace, divine cannot be mine
Until in God we meet.

THE RECEPTION

Sweet Lord, the happy day has come
When prostrate at Thy throne,
I give unto Thy hands the heart
That beats for Thee alone,
And promise with an eager joy,
That none shall share with Thee
The love Thou hast a right to claim
Forevermore from me;
For my ambition is to be
A Child of Mary's heart,
And my one happiness to dwell,
Sweet Jesus, where Thou art.

I lay aside my worldly robes,
To wear the Habit Blue,
And snowy veil, that all may know
I am Thy novice true;
And with Thy grace and Mary's aid,
I too will lay aside
All else that savors of the world,
Its pleasures and its pride;
For my ambition is to be
A Child of Mary's Heart,
And my one happiness to dwell,
Sweet Jesus, where Thou art.

O Jesus, clothe my soul anew
With innocence and grace,
So naught, save love for Thee and Thine
May in my heart find place.
May I be worthy to become
Thy loyal spouse, sweet Love,
Deserving rest eternally
With Thee in Heaven above;
For my ambition is to be
A Child of Mary's Heart,
And my one happiness to dwell
Sweet Jesus, where Thou art.

THE SILVER JUBILEE

A day of boundless joy has dawned
That marks the silver close
Of five and twenty years with Him,
The Master Whom you chose.
The Master! O, sweet attribute!
Yet sweeter He allows,—
Your Friend, your Savior, and far more
Than all of these,—your Spouse.
With Him and for Him, every day
Of all these well-spent years,
The work, the watching, and repose,
The sunshine and the tears.

Yes, five and twenty years have passed,
Since with your holy vows,
You forged the golden chains that bind
You close to this loved Spouse.
You gladly sacrificed the world
And all it had to give,
And sought but one great privilege—
Henceforth with Him to live.
With trembling voice you offered then
A heart both warm and leal,
Resolved to labor for His cause
In works of **holy** zeal.

A snow-white wreath you wore that day,
The symbol of a bride,
And now a silver crown proclaims
A love more sanctified.
Five lustrums spent for God alone,
That silver crown has won,
And even now your Sacred Spouse
Speaks to your heart: "Well done!"
O, Sister, may the joy and peace
He showers on you now
Increase, until a fadeless crown
Is placed upon your brow!

THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, ARCHBALD

The Church of Saint Thomas Aquinas,
Rare pictures and statues adorn,
Rich colors artistically blended
That none who love beauty may scorn;
And many will enter this temple
To gaze on these fair works of art,
These silent and eloquent sermons
That reach through the eye to the heart.

Though wondrously fair and attractive,
'Tis not for its beauty alone,
The Church of Saint Thomas is honored,
Wherever its history is known;
O, no, it is Faith's priceless jewel,
Well cherished through fifty long years,
That now, on this Jubilee festal,
In transcending glory appears.

The edifice, richly embellished,
Expresses a warm Celtic pride,
A pardonable pride, in possessing
The Faith for which many have died.
How often their earnest petitions,
Like incense from pure hearts arose,
To Jesus in this tabernacle,
The Source from which every grace flows.

That grace ever fell in abundance,
And fell, upon rich, fruitful soil,
Is proved by the many apostles
Gone forth in God's vineyard to toil;
Is proved by many brave women,
Who now, in the cloister employ
Their time and their talent for Jesus—
Yes, these are her pride and her joy.

Strong sons of the Church of Saint Thomas,
Brave daughters, who came here to pray
As children, before this fair altar,
We sing of your triumph today,
But more than all others, we honor,—
And you, with us, honor them, too,—
The venerable fathers and mothers
To whom our best tribute is due.

To them, under God, we're indebted
For that which their loyal hearts prized,
The Faith, to defend which they gladly
All worldly enticement despised,
And, oh, let us cling to this heirloom
Without which all men's works are dead,
The Faith, which the Church of Saint Thomas
Continues to strengthen and spread.

MOTHER'S FEAST DAY

Hail the gladsome month of Mary,
 Fairest season of the year,
Crowned with nature's priceless garlands—
 Hail the month to us so dear!

Dear, because each fresh, fair tendril,
 And each fragrant blossom sweet
That it brings us we may offer
 At our royal May Queen's feet.

Dear, because with its fresh beauty
 Comes the holy festal tide
Of Saint Pius, honored patron
 Of our faithful, loving guide.

Of our more than guide—our mother,
 Who with ever watchful care
Taught us, not alone to follow
 Mary as our model fair,

But to love her with devotion
 That our hearts knew not before,
And to place in her safekeeping
 All our interests evermore.

O sweet Mary, Queen of Heaven,
And our peerless Queen of May,
Ask your Son to bless our mother
With His richest gifts today!

Holy Pius, we implore you
Who directed Peter's ark,
Fearing neither storm nor darkness
To protect her little barque.

By your powerful intercession
Calm the storms that may arise;
Guide her safely till she anchors
On the shores of Paradise.

THE CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Christmas Eve in old Saint Leo's,
Every arch was bathed in light,
And around each marble pillar,
Holly garlands glistened bright.
Near the altar stood a grotto,
White, with imitation snow,
To portray again the story
Told the shepherds long ago.
Graceful angels hovering o'er it,
Sang to listening hearts again,
Tidings of great joy and glory—
Praise to God and peace to men.

Grouped around a lowly manger,
Sparsely filled with matted straw,
Mary, Joseph and the shepherds
Gazed in reverence and awe
On the figure of an Infant,
With a most heart-winning face,
And with outstretched arms, inviting
All the world to His embrace.
Just an image of the Infant
Bethlehem would not receive,
Drew a throng of Christians round Him
On this happy Christmas Eve.

Close beside the sacred manger,
 Knelt a tearful little maid,
Who unmindful of all others,
 Thus in baby accents prayed:
"Dearest Jesus, please have mercy
 On my brother, Paul, tonight,
For he is so dark and gloomy
 That our Christmas is not bright.
Mother's heart is almost broken,
 And she sent me here to pray;
Surely, you will not refuse me,
 If I ask with faith today.

"Paul and Basil quarreled Sunday,—
 They were very angry then;
Now I think that both are sorry,
 And would be good friends again.
But you see, their friendship's broken,
 And it's hard to fix it now,
Even though they want to do it,
 If You will not teach them how.
Prince of Peace, please make them happy!
 Fill their hearts with love again!
Make them better friends than ever,—
 Make them always friends. Amen."

This "Amen" was echoed softly
 By one kneeling at her side,
Who had sought the Christmas grotto,
 There to battle with his pride.
Stooping down, he whispered to her;
 "Little friend, your prayer is heard;
I, today will make atonement
 That too long has been deferred.
I have acted like a coward,
 For my pride had made me weak,
But my heart was loyal to him,
 When my lips refused to speak."

Never had this little maiden
Dreame of bliss that could surpass
Joy like hers, when Paul and Basil
Knelt with her at midnight Mass,
To receive the true Messiah
Who was born for them again,
And the angels sang in heaven,
Praise to God, and peace to men.
Thus may every prayer be answered
By the little Prince of Peace,
Thus may love and Christian union
In the hearts of men increase.

A JUBILEE GREETING

Hail! bright Day of the Assumption—
Day of triumph and of grace!
Sweet reminder that “Our Lady”
Reigns now in her rightful place;

That the royal Queen of heaven,—
Jesus’ Mother and our own,—
After all her weary waiting,
Reached at last her destined throne;

And united to her loved Son,
Nevermore from Him to part,
Still with loving care she watches
O’er the children of her heart.

On this very day, dear Mother,
Five and twenty years ago,
Thou didst kneel before the altar,
And, in tender accents low,

Thou didst ask the Queen of Heaven
To accept thee as her child,
Thou didst give thy heart to Mary,—
To our Virgin Mother mild;

And didst promise with her guidance
Thou wouldst live with God alone,
And thy holy Spouse, sweet Jesus,
Came to claim thee as His own.

All the tender words and blessings,
That He whispered to thee then,
Are repeated, dearest Mother,
By the same sweet voice again.

Yes, and words still more endearing
He will whisper now to thee,
And more lovingly He'll bless thee
On thy "Silver Jubilee";

For the love thou then didst promise
Has been proven, Mother dear,
And thy Spouse has drawn thee nearer,
Nearer to His heart each year.

But thy loving Novice children
Ask still greater joys for thee,
And implore still richer blessings
For thy "Silver Jubilee."

May thy coming years, dear Mother,
Be as happy as the past!
May thy joys increase in Jesus,
Every hour until the last!—

Every hour until "Our Lady"
Leads thee to thy resting-place,
And at last thy loving Jesus
Clasps thee in His fond embrace.

WHERE THE RHODENDRON GROWS

(Lines suggested by a visit to Buck Hill Falls.)

Bright the day we spent together
Over on the Poconos,
In the land of sylvan beauty
Where the rhododendron grows;
Where it blossoms down the valley
And along the mountain height,
In the shadow pink and pretty,
In the sunlight pure and white;
Where it clings in every cranny
Of the rocky, moss-grown walls,
Over which in foamy splendor
Dash the famous Buck Hill Falls.

Fairest of the murmuring daughters
Of the far-famed Poconos,
Is the silvery stream that wanders
Where the rhododendron grows,
Just as placid as a mirror,
Just as bright and just as clear,
Is the cool refreshing water
Of the beautiful Glenmere.
How enticing, that fair inlet,
With the great trees arching o'er,
And the starry blossoms glistening
All along the wooded shore!

There the beauty-loving dryads
Come to seek their sweet repose
In the land of floral splendor,
Where the rhododendron grows,
Underneath the fern and laurel,
Hiding in the deep ravine
The anemone still lingered
In a bed of mossy green.
It had long outlived its season,—
Herald of the spring time fair,—
And it fain would live and linger
With the rhododendron there.

Who would not prolong existence
Where that dreamy water flows?
Who would not delight to linger
Where the rhododendron grows?
But more pleasant than the flowers
Blooming in the woodland fair,
Were the loyal friends who met us
With a whole-souled welcome there.
God reward their thoughtful kindness!
For the mem'ry of the day
That they made so fair and perfect,
Never more shall pass away.

CHOSEN

I saw her only once a week,
When with a winsome smile,
She brought her offering to the sick
And tarried for a while.

Some books and magazines she brought
And hoped that they would please
A restless patient, or perhaps
Some weary pain appease.

I loved to meet that artless child,
So womanly and fair,
To look into her clear dark eyes
And read of kindness there.

Ay, kindness and a something else
In those pure, earnest eyes,
Told me the world had little claim
On one so good and wise.

I deemed she was a chosen soul,
One destined to devote
Her life to God, to live for Him,
From all things else remote.

Oh! grieve not that she died so young—
That she has gone to Him!
And check the hot unbidden tears
That our weak eyes bedim.

Although I miss that sainted child—
I miss her smile, her voice,
Yet knowing that she is with God,
My heart must still rejoice.

I sympathize with those dear friends
Who loved and knew her best,
Who mourn for her within the home
That once her presence blessed.

Their comfort is in knowing that
Like Esther at the throne,
Her people still are dear to her—
She pleads for them, her own.

THE CRIMSON ROSE

She plucked a crimson-hearted rose;
All dew-embalmed and sweet,
And brought it to the silent shrine
To place at Jesus' feet;
And as the God of Love looked down
Upon that gift so fair,
His fond eye rested on the heart
Of her who placed it there.

What drew her from the sunlit lawn
Where countless roses bloom,
To that still shrine where one lone lamp
Relieved the purple gloom?
O, had she come as others come,
Some selfish end to gain,
To crave some boon or seek release
From sorrow or from pain?

Ah! well He knew why she was there,
In that old chapel dim,—
Because the greatest joy she knew
Was thus to be with Him;
And that pure, warm and tender heart,
So utterly His own,
Gave Him more joy than all the flowers
That ever yet have grown.

IMMORTAL GOLD

Three brothers all of lowly birth,
Reared in a humble home,
In course of time were forced to part,
In foreign lands to roam,
But after many years had passed
They chanced to meet again;
Fraternal love still warmed their hearts
'Though they were bearded men.

They freely talked of how they spent
The intervening years
Since they in days long passed had shared
Their boyish hopes and fears.
The oldest said: "Rejoice with me!
For I have wealth untold;
Where e'er I went, with restless heart,
I sought and garnered gold."

And one replied: "Pray pardon me,
If I your wealth despise,
For I have found rare human love—
The gold that all men prize.
I would not part one grain of this
For aught that you can give;
Despoiled of all things else on earth
For this alone I'd live."

The youngest bowed his tonsured head
And murmured: "I have sought
The gold of Love Divine, with which
Eternal life is bought.
Though you may live for human love,
Believe me, brother mine,
'Tis nobler, wiser, sweeter far,
To die for Love Divine."

O, you who read this little tale!
Seek you the gold that buys
Eternal life, and for its sake
All baser wealth despise.
For worldly riches pass away
And human hearts grow cold,—
In Love Divine alone you'll find
The pure, immortal gold.

TO HELEN

Sweet the just reward of merit,—
 'Tis a sweetness that endures,
And God grant, my dearest Helen,
 That this just reward be yours.
May no vain regrets, no sadness,
 Mar your glad Commencement Day,
No forebodings, no misgivings
 But may all be bright, I pray.

Though the past holds many mem'ries
 That are pleasant to recall,
'Tis the pleasure you gave others
 That is sweetest of them all.
If you would be happy ever,
 Keep the Golden Rule in mind,
Be as you have been in school days,—
 Noble, generous and kind.

God has blessed your earnest efforts
 In the struggle for the right,
And the smile of His approval
 Floods your soul with peace tonight.
You are going forth well armored
 For the battlefield of life,
And I trust that you will never
 Fail nor falter in the strife.

Cherish still your high ideals,—
It is not what we attain,
But it is the pure intention
That results in lasting gain.
If your aims and your ideals
With God's holy will accord,
When the school of life is ended,
He will be your great reward.

THE BIRTHDAY ROSES

'Twas a dark Good Friday morning
That I heard a mother say :
“Now I hope my little darling
Will enjoy a glad birthday.

“See, your kind papa has sent you
All these Easter-lilies fair,
And a garland of tea roses,
For his precious child to wear.”

Then I looked upon the maiden
Whom the mother thus addressed,
And I noticed with amazement
That she really seemed distressed.

As she hurried to her mother,
Kneeling humbly by her side,
While the tears her eyes were dimming,
Very pleadingly she cried :

“O, I cannot wear the roses,
Though they are so fresh and sweet ;
Won't you lay them, dearest mother
At the gentle Savior's feet ?

“For she cannot be a Christian
Who with flowers her brow adorns,
While the Queen of Heaven sorrows,
And the King is crowned with thorns.”

Tenderly the mother answered,
“They are yours, my little one,
Give them to the Queen or Sorrows
As an offering to her Son.”

This most loyal little subject,
On the next Good Friday morn,
Was recalled to that bright kingdom
God had meant she should adorn,

And the broken-hearted parents
Silently knelt side by side,
Mourning o’er the cold white figure,
That had been their hope and pride.

When her little friends assembled
With their floral offerings fair,
These good parents would not suffer,
E’en a rose bud in her hair.

Reverently the mother faltered,
Struggling to keep back the tears,
“Go, and give them to sweet Jesus,
It will please her best, my dears,

“For I seem to hear her spirit
Whisper pleadingly and low,
These sweet words I heard her utter,
Only one short year ago:

“ ‘Oh, I cannot wear the roses,
Though they are so fresh and sweet,
Wont you lay them, dearest mother,
At the gentle Savior’s feet?

“ ‘For she cannot be a Christian,
Who with flowers her brow adorns,
While the Queen of Heaven sorrows,
And the King is crowned with thorns.’ ”

THE GUIDING STAR

The grand salon was lighted
And garnished for the ball,
Hence three gallants were hastening,
In gala costume all.

But ere they reached the portal,
They met a little maid
Who cried: "All hail! good Magi,
I'm coming to your aid.

I went to Mass this morning
And heard the sermon too—
'Twas all about the Magi—
And every word was true.

And ever since I'm trying
To be a guiding star,
And lead the way to Jesus,—
Come on, it isn't far."

One who had read the Scriptures
Was anxious for a lark,
And answered: "I'm Balthassar,
Behold my face so dark.

With Melchior here and Gaspar,
I've vainly searched all day,—
Move on and we will follow
Where you will lead the way."

Then after this fair pilot
They hastened down the street,
Enjoying the amazement
Of all they chanced to meet.

They entered old St. Patrick's,
Walked up the center aisle,
The dark "Balthassar" wearing
A gay and reckless smile.

They knelt before the grotto,
And lo! a master hand
Sent from the sweet-toned organ
An anthem deep and grand.

And to the dark "Balthassar,"
That was an hour of grace.
The little maid in wonder
Looked up into his face;

She whispered, "You are happy,
Tell Jesus that you are."
And he replied, "You tell Him
For me, my guiding star."

The gift that only Jesus
Has power to impart—
The gift of Faith—was planted
Within “Balthassar’s” heart.

Today he realizes
What Faith’s sweet lessons are,
And gratefully he blesses
His little “Guiding Star.”

THE SAINTS THAT I KNEW IN MY CHILDHOOD

'Tis the saints that I knew in my childhood,
Like the friends of my earliest days,
Whose sweet names I now love to hear spoken,
On whose pictures in rapture I gaze;
For as far as my memory reaches,
Looking back o'er the vista of years,
They have known all my cares and my sorrows,
They have shared all my hopes and my fears.
Who was first to be loved? Do you ask it?
Ah! that Trio so sacredly dear,
It was Jesus and Mary and Joseph,
I was taught in the crib to revere.

And the next that I knew was St. Martin.
With a love that will ever endure,
I still think of the brave soldier-bishop,
The true friend of the weak and the poor.
Then the beautiful Flower of Lima,
Our own fair American Rose,
Whose sweet picture from infancy charmed me,
Was the first loving patron I chose.
Then came Ann, the dear mother of Mary,
Whose sweet mission I love to recall;
St. Elizabeth too and the Baptist,
And then Magdalen, dear to us all.

I have sympathized oft with St. Peter,
I have envied the fortunate John,
And have asked him to whisper my wishes
To the Heart that his head rested on.
Though I loved every faithful Apostle
With a tender devotion, 'twas Paul,
The most earnest, strong friend of the Gentiles,
Who appealed to my heart most of all.
I was fond of Hibernian stories,
And the virtues and glories combined
Of Saints Columbkil, Patrick and Brigid
Were most firmly impressed on my mind.

St. Christopher too was a favorite,
Saints Alphonsus and Xavier so dear,
And fond Bernard whose sweet "Memorare"
Our dear Mother must graciously hear.
Then thrice daily the Angelus told me
Of St. Gabriel's message of grace,
And beside him another bright angel,
Great St. Michael holds ever his place.
Good St. Benedict's medal was valued,
As the rarest of treasures by all,
And St. Blase and St. Roch were physicians
Ever ready to answer our call.

Gentle Anges and dear Aloysius,
Our St. Nicholas of Yuletide renown,
Sweet St. Lucy and Mary of Egypt,
And St. Anthony, Padua's crown,
Dear Teresa and sweet-voiced Cecilia,
Great St. Thomas, the Doctor divine,
St. Augustine and Monica patient,—
All these have been old friends of mine.
And when we through their fond intercession
In the home of our Father find rest,
Among all the bright concourse, I'll still love
The dear saints of my childhood the best.

NORINE

'Twas from Kilkenny Norine came
A hundred years ago,
And Norine was as fair a girl
As any that I know.
Her wavy hair was golden brown,
Her eyes were Irish blue,
Her cheeks were just as pink and fresh
As rosebuds moist with dew.
And, O, she wore the sweetest smile
That ever yet was seen!
How old Kilkenny must have grieved
The day she lost Norine!

Her picture still hangs in the hall,
'Tis in an old, old frame,
And underneath the portrait there
Is written Norine's name.
Long have I stood and gazed upon
That fair and winsome face,
Still vainly striving to define
Its lines of matchless grace.
Are they the features of a saint,
Or of an earthly queen?
And oh! where is the soul today,
Of beautiful Norine?

A hundred years ago she was
Kilkenny's joy and pride,
And half a hundred years ago,
They tell me Norine died.
The Lord have mercy on her soul!
Grant her eternal rest!
May she and all she loved on earth,
Be numbered with the blest.
When I am gone may some kind friend,
Still keep my mem'ry green;
May others pray for me, as I
Now pray for sweet Norine.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

You say you like her picture, child, and you would like to know

A little more about the girl I loved so long ago.
Although it is a prosy tale, and egotistic too.

It may be worth repeating for each word of it is true.
You ask me if she was my friend, this girl with golden hair:
Ah! she was even more than that—my guardian angel fair.

She taught in District Number Nine some sixty years ago,
Then I was nearly twelve years old, as you already know;
And sad to say, of all bad boys who seemed disposed to try
His best to break a teacher's heart, the very worst was I.
Reared in an atmosphere of crime, without a mother's care,
The character that I had formed would make a saint despair.

What wonder that good Dr. Field's kind-hearted little wife
Considered me her greatest cross—the worry of her life;
And that the Doctor sighed to find the orphan boy so bad,
Whom he adopted just because he seemed a "likely lad."
What wonder Alice Rose found me a trouble in her school,
For I had little love for books, and no respect for rule.
Yes, I was rude and unrefined—unkind in every way;
Reproofs and punishments were vain, I grew worse day by day.

The kindly interference of the zealous David Prune
Brought matters to a crisis on an autumn afternoon.

Soon after school had been dismissed, a classmate said to me :

“The school director has gone in to settle your decree;
I met him in the vestibule as I was coming out.

That he intends to try your case, I've not the slightest doubt.”

He was the school director who had charge of Number Nine,
And I believed that Mr. Prune was not a friend of mine.
Through curiosity to learn what he might mean to do

I turned about and hastened back to hear the interview.
I stole into the vestibule, crouched down upon the floor,

Without the slightest scruple placed my ear close to the door;

And then was verified the truth, that he who listens, hears
But little good about himself to please his eager ears.

In terms uncomplimentary good David Prune portrayed
The odious propensities that I too well displayd.

He said I was a vicious boy—a menace to the school.

And that I never could be made conform to any rule.

He questioned Dr. Field's good taste—the teacher's common sense;

And said if I were kept around, he feared the consequence.

When Alice Rose said timidly: “I know that he is bad,

And yet I cannot close my heart against an orphan lad,”

He answered: “But do you not know that as a general rule,
A character like that is apt to ruin all the school?

We never should let sentiment influence us too far,

Nor let the unsound fruit remain where wholesome apples are.”

Lo! the reply: “Although I own the truth of what you say,
My heart repels the cruel thought of sending him away.

Give him another trial, please,—I really like the boy,

He never had advantages that children here enjoy.”

Bad as I was, this tender plea broke through my calloused heart,

My hands began to tremble and I felt the tear-drops start
I rushed into the room and fell before her on my knees,

And cried: “I heard it all, Miss Rose! Forgive, forgive me, please!

“Though there is not another soul so wicked on this earth,

If you believe I can amend, I’ll try for all I’m worth.”

Then David Prune looked grave and said: “It really seems absurd

For one to make a promise who has never kept his word.
However, if you are retained, you are not to suppose

That I place confidence in you,—’tis done to please Miss Rose.”

His farewell compliment was this: “If I hear any more

Of your rascality, I’ll come and march you out that door.”

When I was left with Alice Rose, I cried and she cried, too;

But God’s good angels must have smiled who heard that interview.

At length she dried her eyes and said: “To prove you are sincere,

Just take this little story book and read it all through, dear.”

The volume that she gave me then still rests upon my heart—

A talisman from which e’en now I should not dare to part.

The story of two lives it is—one good, the other bad—

A story that has saved the soul of many a wilful lad,

The villain in a prison dies without a kind friend by,
As David Prune that day declared that I deserved to die.
The hero dies lamented by the wayward ones he saved,
And hopeful of a just reward for weary trials braved.
This hero I adopted as the model of my life,
And though at first it proved to be a very bitter strife,
For O, those early habits were so very hard to cure—
The fear of disappointing her made my weak strength
endure.
And though I failed and failed again, she was my faithful
friend—
Thank God! with such encouragement I conquered in
the end.
Good Dr. Field—may God reward his great benevolence—
Resolved to educate me quite regardless of expense.
With jealous care he guarded every honor that I won,
And his dear wife grew rather proud of her adopted son.
And when at length an M. D. had been added to my name,
With kind words of encouragement the good old neigh-
bors came
And asked me to locate at home: “You see, we’d just as
soon
Give you a chance to poison us,” quoth honest David
Prune.
But she came not, for she had gone to claim her heavenly
crown,
And I believe from that bright home her kind eyes still
look down
Upon the wayward boy she saved—and oh! I trust she
knows
That next to God and Heaven’s Queen, I honor Alice
Rose.

THE BETTER PART

God speed you, my darling, along the bright way!

The way you are turning with glad heart today.

We dare not detain you, but rather rejoice

Because you are claimed by your heart's holy choice;
Because you are leaving us gladly for Him—

O, weak is the eye that a tear could bedim!
And selfish the heart that would mix the alloy

Of grief with the gold of your soul's sacred joy.
Away then with grief so untimely—away!

No tears shall be shed on this holiest day.
Let only glad faces be seen at the side

Of her whom the Savior has claimed as His bride.
Your trust has been placed in an unchanging Heart,

And none shall take from you the sweet "better part."
Oh! the joy of this day is not your joy alone,
For He too rejoices to call you His own.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

The Christmas bells are ringing
In merry cadence, sweet,
Angelic Choirs are singing
While we their hymns repeat.

The chorus softly swelling,
Is "Peace on Earth to men";
How tenderly 'tis telling
The story once again.

The Christians of each nation
Are all united now,
And in deep adoration
Before the manger bow.

Amid this joy and splendor,
Dear Mother, kind and true,
Your grateful children tender
This greeting song to you.

Your thoughtful heart has never
O'erlooked our smallest need;
You've proved a mother ever,
In thought, in word and deed.

We might express our feeling,
Were words less cold and weak;
But by the Manger kneeling,
Our hearts for you will speak.

Because we feel He sees us,
And knows all we would say,
So to our own dear Jesus,
For your success we pray.

And when we are addressing
The Holy Infant sweet,
We'll ask for every blessing,
To make your life complete.

But more than any other,
We pray that He will bless
You, dear, beloved Mother,
With health and happiness.

And surely He must hear us,
As fervently we pray,
Because He seems so near us,
This holy Christmas Day.

Our filial rights reserving,
We ask of you one prayer,
That we may prove deserving
Of all your love and care.

Yes, pray that grace be given
To us, so that we may
Enjoy with you in heaven,
"An endless Christmas Day."

THE FRIENDSVILLE FOLK

The Friendsville folk are wont to joke
In ways the most unique;
To hear their boasts of local ghosts
Would make some people weak.

They tell such tales of hills and dales
That girt their native town,
You'd understand it was a land
Of wonder and renown.

Enchanted lakes hid in the brakes,
These Friendsville folk would praise;
Their pictures drawn of Fairy Lawn
Would make one dream of fays.

Ghost Hollow drear, they said was near
The dear old Haunted Bridge,
The Pine Wood dark, where ghost dogs bark.
Was just across the ridge.

The Wolf Road too was there, 'tis true,
The Deer-lick on the hill,
The Bear Swamp gray, and off that way
The famous Haunted Mill.

Such talk you see, affected me
Until at last I thought
A trip out there, I'd really dare,
Where wonders might be wrought.

And so I went, my mind intent
On seeing ghosts and fays,
And great bears prowl, and wild wolves growl
In weirdly haunted ways.

The place I found and walked around
Enchanted lakes and streams;
I walked at night, but saw no sprite—
Alas! for all my dreams!

At early dawn, through Fairy Lawn
I passed but met no fay;
The Haunted Mill beneath the hill
Was ghostless night and day.

I saw no bear, no wolf out there,
Nor e'en a graceful deer;
Ghost Hollow too, I wandered through,
But nothing did appear.

The Friendsville Folk enjoyed the joke,
And said they did not mean
By word or deed to thus mislead
Regarding any scene.

Of course I knew 'twas partly true,—
They were not all to blame;
I also know that this is so:
THERE'S NOTHING IN A NAME.

FATHER TABB

A strain of mournful pathos
Sweeps o'er the southern land,
A strain that finds an echo
On ev'ry foreign strand.
The lonely dirge is telling
A holy voice is stilled
That with the sweetest music
This land of ours has filled.

The poet-priest whose genius
Has made our cold hearts glow,
Who has revealed the secrets
That saints and angels know;
With tenderness unequalled,
With sweetness unsurpassed,
He woke rare strains of music
That shall forever last.

The melodies he wakened
Shall never die away,—
They must live on forever
Love's message to convey;
For love of God and nature
Has made his name renowned,
In his great heart a welcome
All creatures ever found.

Oh! he was more than poet,
More than a faithful friend—
A priest sincere and saintly
Until the very end.
’Tis well that he has taught us
To look above the clod—
That death is the beginning
Of endless life with God.

’Tis well our Faith assures us
That now he sees the light,
Who still sang on serenely
When darkness veiled his sight.
O, were the hearts less selfish
That miss his hopeful voice,
They might forget their sorrow
And at his lot rejoice.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER

The feast of the Ascension
Was drawing to a close;
Beyond the placid ocean
The day-star sought repose.

Its slanting rays still lingered
On one who walked the strand,
With prayerful lips recounting
The chaplet in her hand.

She prayed for one long absent,
A wayward only son,
Whom, from this tender mother,
The world and wine had won.

Like Monica she sorrowed
Through many weary years;
Like Monica she pleaded
And shed most bitter tears.

But now the glowing sunset,
And waters golden bright,
Brought to this soul of sorrow
Some rays of hopeful light.

A playful dove was flutt'ring
Above her snowy head,
A timid loving creature
Which she had daily fed;

And circling low and lower,
It swept from out her hand
The little silver chaplet
And dashed it on the sand.

This act inspired the mother
To seek an angel's aid,
And as she clasped her chaplet,
With hopeful heart she prayed:

“O God-appointed spirit,
Blest guardian of my boy!
Sweep from his hand in mercy
The cup that mars my joy.

“You love the Queen of angels,—
Then for her sake and mine,
Bring back to true repentance
That wayward charge of thine.”

The feast of the Ascension
Had darkened into night,
But one imposing mansion
Was radiant with light.

Its banquet hall was crowded
With men in martial gear,
With lion-hearted warriors
Who scorned the thought of fear.

And toast, and jest, and laughter,
And strain of merry song,
Proclaimed good will existing
In that congenial throng:

But wine was flowing freely—
The deadly, subtle foe
Of all that's good and noble,
The harbinger of woe.

Sir Robert's crystal goblet
Was sparkling to the brim,
And many braves were eager
To drink a toast with him;

For Robert was a favorite,
The Lion of the day,
The gayest at the banquet,
The bravest in the fray.

Sir Robert's friends were many,
His enemies were few,
Although of home forgetful,
And to his God untrue.

“Good friends, we’ve toasted many,”
A manly voice exclaimed,
“But one whose heart is truest,
As yet has not been named :

“She whom all nations honor—
‘Tis Mother, man’s best friend,
Whose love is most unselfish,
Who loves until the end.”

A hundred brimming glasses
Were raised with one accord,
When lo! Sir Robert’s goblet
Crashed down upon the board.

The wine streamed o’er the marble,
The damask cloth was stained,
And yet, the fragile goblet
Uninjured still remained.

The host exclaimed: “What magic
Is this, good friend of mine?
Do angels guard the crystal
When you upset the wine?

That goblet is an heirloom,
And one I value much—
But fill again, I’m waiting
My glass with yours to touch.”

All eyes were on Sir Robert,
His face was strangely white,
Yet firm the voice that answered:
“I’ll drink no more tonight!

“And comrades, I assure you,
Though strong is this right hand,
The power to hold that goblet
Is not at my command.”

These friends now miss Sir Robert
In battle and at feast—
We find him at the altar,
A loyal, zealous priest.

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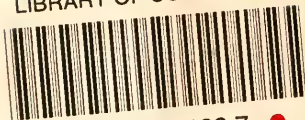
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